

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

"I purpose to write," says Mr. Macaulay, "the history of England from the accession of James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living;"—a task often undertaken and performed before, and which even Mr. Macaulay's labors will not prevent others in times to come from attempting. The epoch chosen is among the most important of the many crises of our political fortunes. The results of the Revolution of 1688 are still felt by us; and the conflict of opinions which brought about that great change still goes on,—though it be in a mitigated form, and subject to rules which that very Revolution made a part of the great charter of our liberties. To one who can, in these our times of fierce political strife, forcibly and completely withdraw himself for a moment from the whirl, and confusion, and passion, which is all around and about him,—who can, with a calm philosophy, peruse and think upon the brilliant work now before us, it must prove a subject of curious and deeply interesting speculation. The author, the subject, the times in which we live, and the principles which now govern our statesmen, when viewed in juxtaposition, inculcate of themselves a lesson of wisdom which we should all do well to accept.

The author—and when we speak of him we find ourselves unable to attain wholly to that calm philosophy we have so strongly recommended, feelings of personal regard making us partial judges in all that relates to him—the author brings to the task he has undertaken qualities which, though necessary for its due fulfilment, are yet so rare as to be almost peculiar to himself. Gibbon gravely describes the advantages he had derived from his service in the militia, saying, grandiloquently,—“The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers [the reader may smile] has not been useless to the historian of the *Roman Empire*.” Mr. M.'s work is the history, not so much of England, as of English parties,† which,

though they be actuated by principles which are common to all mankind, and which at all times of man's history have been in active operation, still have received among us peculiar modifications, and manifest themselves in consequence of our institutions in a manner peculiar to ourselves. To understand these peculiarities, and appreciate their value properly, requires, on the part of the historian, knowledge and habits which can only be acquired by a party man. Parliamentary struggles cannot be so well described and so thoroughly understood as by one who himself has borne a share in the contests of parliament, and no one so well as he who has had some insight into the practical working of our law, can solve the many legal problems which arise in our constitutional history. But a mere party man will take a party view,—will be a partial witness—a biased judge; and a lawyer, whose mind has been warped by habits acquired and fixed by a life spent in the courts, can hardly so extend his view as to take in the “range of empire.” Mr. Macaulay's fortunes have, fortunately, given him an opportunity of acquiring the knowledge necessary, without contracting the habits of thought and feeling which so often render that knowledge useless; and his very want of success as a party politician, has contributed mainly to endow him so strikingly with the qualities of an impartial and sagacious historian. From his earliest youth Mr. Macaulay was destined to be a politician. He was educated in the Whig camp, in the hope that one day he would prove a useful, that is, an expert and *unscrupulous* partisan. The hard-working men of party are, with us, almost always men of comparatively humble fortunes, whose mental powers have raised them to eminence. In the long array of modern English statesmen, few can be found who have not in youth been stimulated to exertion by the comparative narrowness of their means, or by the desire to raise themselves from an obscure position. Of these youths, accident placed some in the Tory, some in the Whig ranks. The magnates of each party, with true worldly wisdom, have fostered and encouraged aspirants of this description, and hailed with satisfaction, and rewarded with applause, and, when able, with place, the gradual manifestation of capacity

which existed in the times of James II. See chap. iii. See also, Mr. Macaulay's description of what he conceives to be the duties of an historian, vol. i. p. 3.

* The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London, 1849. Longman and Co.

† We must guard ourselves and Mr. Macaulay from the mistaken conception that may attend this assertion. His history is, in our opinion, preëminently a history of parties; but it is also something more. And the author's multifarious reading has enabled him to draw an interesting comparison between the present material condition of England, and that

which party struggles have called forth. The Whig party, being in reality excluded from power for more than a quarter of a century, could not offer, as a means of allurements to their ranks, the advantages of office; but these seductions were well supplied by the social blandishments which, in their place, were lavishly employed. The great Whig houses were always open, the smiles of the leaders, men and women, were always ready, their warm and well-sustained applause was always given, when any young man gave promise of the power and the will to join their ranks and fight their battles. The expectations with which young aspirants have been thus trained and fostered, have oftentimes been deceived; and many a reputation has by party applause been built up, and for a few years maintained, but when left at last to support itself by its own intrinsic strength (as in all cases must inevitably happen), has broken down and disappeared. Some, which would have well repaid all the care and interest shown towards them, have been snatched away by death, leaving behind unavailing regrets, and the visions of a hope now for ever disappointed. In the days of our youth, among the various names bruited in society as of men from whom political prophets expected much, none stood higher than the name of the gifted author of this *History*. Even in his boyish years his future renown was confidently predicted, and the great leaders of the Whigs already counted on the benefit of their party to be derived from the splendor and power of his eloquence,—from his learning, his varied acquirements, his brilliant and dazzling style. Every fresh effort on his part, whether as a poet or as an essayist, was hailed as a triumph; and the hour was impatiently expected when he might, in the House of Commons, verify the predictions of his ardent friends, and justify the eulogies of his many admirers. Some there were, however, who had studied carefully the character of his mind, and who knew accurately the nature of the assembly in which he was expected to render his party service, and they even then whispered doubts as to the fulfilment of all those prophecies of success, in which his sanguine friends had so boldly indulged. The brilliant essayist is not always—in fact, is seldom—a ready and powerful debater. To be a great orator, an orator of the highest class, a man must, indeed, be a great writer; but it is not given to every great writer to be a great orator likewise. In addition to mental peculiarities, there were others belonging to the temper and nature of the man himself, which stood in the way of his success as a politician. The fastidious and delicate tastes of a scholar, unless

attended by a passionate ambition and an iron will, are so offended, so shocked, by the coarseness, the littleness, the baseness, the hideous immorality, the surpassing selfishness, and the marvellous ignorance, which are inevitably encountered by all who mingle in political contention, that he feels himself debased by contact with things so degrading, and eagerly seeks for an excuse to withdraw from a scene so full of loathsome and contaminating influences. Some there are who see all this, and seeing, abhor it, but who are willing to encounter all these abominations as evils incident to humanity, which good men must face if they desire to see them controlled and diminished. But these are men of ardent, active courage, sanguine temper, and inflexible perseverance. To this hardihood and courage may be, and sometimes is united a taste as refined as that of the most sensitive and retiring scholar. But a powerful will, a strong passion, enables its possessor to face without shrinking those loathsome scenes which overpower, because they disgust the pure-minded man who is not thus protected.

The result justified the predictions of those who had thus more narrowly scanned the mental and moral character of the young Whig partisan. It is needless to mince the matter, or to pick our phrases, when the shortest and simplest is at hand, and completely explains what we wish to express,—Mr. Macaulay failed in the House of Commons. By this we do not mean to say that he was not listened to. He *was* listened to, and with pleasure; but as far as the debate was concerned, the speech he delivered might as well have been printed as an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, reserved as a pleasure for the arm-chair and the study, with the lamp on the table, the door hermetically closed, dressing-gown and slippers on, and paper-knife in hand. The *essay*, in this way enjoyed, would be delightful; the *speech* was a beautiful thing out of place—a marble statue exposed to London weather—Sir Robert Peel's mahogany wheelbarrow employed for real work. We suspect that nobody more completely understands this estimation of his House of Commons' career than Mr. Macaulay himself. He knows that men a thousand times his inferiors exercise an influence in the House that he never possessed,—an influence which his very excellence prevents his ever hoping to acquire. The bustling and the vulgar politician pushes by him in the crowd, and takes a foremost place, simply because he is bustling and is vulgar. The Esquimaux feeds with delight upon garbage, the very sight of which turns the stomach of a civilized man.

But the experience acquired as a member of parliament, though not leading to great parliamentary success, was eminently of service to the historian of the parties which still carry on their contest for power within the walls of parliament. "The eight sessions that I sat in parliament," says Gibbon, "were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of a historian." Mr. Macaulay has, however, far transcended the humble position with which the great historian was satisfied. The experience of Gibbon was gained simply as a "mute," to use his own phrase; and his official position was merely that of an obsequious lord of trade. But Mr. Macaulay, though speaking rarely, spoke always with a certain effect; he was, in fact, one of the great guns of debate,—one which it took a long time to load, and still more to bring into position: when fired it made a great noise,—hurt some of the enemy, perhaps, and frightened some; but the action was always decided before the gun could be reloaded. Still he was a *great* gun, and, from his urbanity and perfectly unaffected manners, a favorite with all parties. Returning from India, where he had acted the part of a law-maker as well as an administrative functionary, he was again sent to parliament, and on his friends coming into office he became a member of the cabinet. To a mind like his, fraught with the knowledge of past times, the being thus admitted behind the scenes of the great political theatre must have been of infinite use and interest. He could compare the reality with the relation of it,—the daily record of events with that truer history which his position enabled him to learn. Read with such an experience, the history of the past became something more than an old almanac, and the intrigues of days gone by might be judged by, and compared with, those which he must have seen carried on around him. But the active life of a cabinet minister was hardly compatible with the careful study of history and the composition of a laborious work. Fortunately for us, and we sincerely believe fortunately for himself, the bigots of Edinburgh quarreled with their gifted representative, and chose some obscure person, of a spirit more congenial with their own, to speak their vulgar sentiments and protect their interests in the House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay lost his election, and then was seen the Whig appreciation of great ability that was not directly useful to themselves politically. Had Mr. Macaulay proved himself an active and powerful debater, his loss would have been felt by the ministry, and means would have been found to put a vacant seat at his

command. But the brilliant essayist and converser, the poet and the historian, might, indeed, confer lustre upon his colleagues by his association with them; but he was of no particular assistance to them in the daily conflicts which they had to wage in the Commons. Seat after seat, as they became vacant, found members, but none seemed fit for the excluded cabinet minister. Young and mute sprigs of great Whig houses slid into seats that would joyfully have selected Mr. Macaulay, had not means been taken to make the constituencies pass him by. The studied slight became an insult, which, though not complained of, must have been felt. A high-minded man could not brook the indignity, and Mr. Macaulay availed himself of the plea which his forced exclusion afforded him, and retired from office, and, apparently, from public political life. Had he been some scion of one of the *governing families*, dull and incompetent, without a spark of ability, and of no earthly use; or had he, in place of the Muse of poetry and history, wooed and won some plain, and dowerless, and fading maiden, of some lordly house, his merits would have been differently appreciated and far otherwise rewarded.

Withdrawing himself, then, from the actual business of politics, freed from party ties, at his ease, and content with his position, Mr. Macaulay, without casting "a lingering look behind," betook himself, earnestly and with pleasure, to pursuits more congenial to his spirit than politics had ever proved; and the result of his busy leisure, rich with the wisdom of his more active life, now lies before us. The calm judgment of the philosopher has been assisted by the experience of the practical statesman. In the full vigor of his intellect, willingly,—nay, with eagerness, he has, as a labor of love, and not as a mere refuge from *ennui*, assumed the task of recording the history of the last great English revolution. The position and the past life of the historian thus give additional interest to the great story which he relates.

A mind from its very dawn thus trained—a life thus passed, were admirable preparatives for him who was to write the history of the great political parties of his country. These parties are, in fact, not peculiar to England; but the form they have assumed, the mode of their warfare, the points upon which the conflicts have arisen, and the incidents upon which their alternate triumphs have depended,—these have been, and are all peculiar to ourselves, and by ourselves can alone be completely explained.

In September, 1641, the Long Parliament adjourned :—

“The recess of the English Parliament lasted six weeks. The day on which the Houses met again is one of the most remarkable epochs in our history. From that day dates the corporate existence of the two great parties which have ever since alternately governed the country. In one sense, indeed, the distinction, which then became obvious, had always existed, and always must exist. For it has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty. Not only in politics, but in literature, in art, in science, in surgery and mechanics, in navigation and agriculture,—nay, even in mathematics, we find this distinction. Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many misgivings and forebodings. We find, also, everywhere another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of whatever exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But of both, the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The extreme section of the one class consists of bigoted dotards; the extreme section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics.”
—Vol. i. p. 98.

The various fortunes of the two great principles here described, as they have been evolved in the political strife of Englishmen, will constitute the subject of the whole work, of which the two volumes now before us form a most important section,—a section, indeed, which, considering who is the historian and what the peculiar questions in dispute, and also what the condition, not merely of England, but of all the civilized world now is, excites an interest more lively and intense than any which is raised by the contemplation of the subsequent events, except, indeed, those which belong to the great Revolution of France. The successful resistance of those who opposed James II., gave to the English constitution its peculiar form and character, and by so doing insured the establishment of what are

now called constitutional governments in England, in America, and subsequently in continental Europe. Viewed from this point, the Revolution of 1688 can be matched for its influence on human happiness by few periods, if indeed by any, in the history of mankind. We are lost in wonder at the multitude and magnitude of the consequences that have resulted, and are yet destined to result, from this memorable struggle. If, however, we withdraw our gaze from this wide range of vision, and more narrowly and specifically scan the precise nature of the dispute then raised—if we obtain an accurate idea, not only of the principles at issue, but also of the very questions upon which the issue was taken—if we consider by whom the story is told, and the class of politicians to whom he belongs, his calm temper, his large and generous views, his benevolent spirit, his thorough fairness and unvarying urbanity and gentleness;—then, we say, however much on separate questions we may find ourselves opposed to him, we shall be ready to acknowledge that we have seldom, in the whole range of our historical reading, received lessons so important, in a form so winning and graceful—that rarely has a more *suggestive* work been presented to our consideration—that we have met with none which has been marked by a more elevated and generous morality; the general spirit of which was more ennobling, the separate details more instructive—one, in fact, from which a practical man could derive better rules for action, or a thoughtful man graver subjects for speculation.

Exactly one hundred and sixty years since, James II. was, without a blow having been struck, hurled from his throne, and driven from his country an exile and a beggar. Four years before, he had begun his reign with every prospect of peace and prosperity, and possessed of a power almost despotic. His brother and predecessor had baffled, and apparently completely subdued, the enemies of his house. The dynasty of the Stuarts seemed now steadily reestablished. The parties—and they were, or rather had been, many—who had resisted successfully Charles I., were scattered, humbled, nay, extinguished. The Republicans were no longer to be seen or heard. It was the fashion to look back with horror upon the days of the Long Parliament, and to hold up, not merely as seditious, but blasphemous, any doubt of the truth and wisdom of the doctrine of passive obedience. The No-popery cry was apparently for ever hushed, and the Exclusionists were, by the triumphant accession of James, utterly defeated and silenced. Not merely were the old Republicans and Puritans thus

extirpated or silenced, but the Whigs in politics, the Presbyterians in religion, and, in fact, all sects and parties, except the Tories and the Catholics, were prostrate and humbled. The parliament which met the king on his accession, believed the solemn promises by which he bound himself to maintain the Church of England as by law established. They voted dutiful addresses, and gave all the money he asked. A large majority was of the Tory party, adopting passive obedience as their rule of political conduct, and rejoicing in the complete subjugation of their old opponents, the Whigs and Republicans. The Church, still trembling at the recollection of the Presbyterian parliament, and the subsequent protectorate of Oliver, was for the moment rejoicing, and submissive to the king. The judges and Westminster Hall generally were, if possible, more submissive than the Church; and proved their loyalty by forgetting all their law, and bidding adieu to justice, truth, and mercy. A large army was raised; its ranks, as far as was possible, being recruited by Catholics from Ireland, and officered by Catholics, either pretended or real. The navy was deemed peculiarly obedient, and even affectionate to the monarch, who had, when a subject, served as a sailor, and always manifested a great interest in the efficiency of the marine. The aristocracy and landed gentry generally were loud in their dutiful professions—questioning no exercise of the royal prerogative, and as profuse of their money as of their professions of obedience. Civil liberty had ceased to exist. Then, indeed, the indignant description by Tacitus of Roman degradation, might with deplorable truth have been applied to the miserable submission of the whole English people:—"At Romæ ruere in servitium consules, patres, eques: quanto quis inlustrior, tanto magis falsi, ac festinantes."

The horrible atrocities committed by Jeffries and by Kirke in the west—the many judicial murders in the City and at Westminster—the ferocious punishments inflicted to gratify a spirit of revenge on the part of the king, punishments which made death itself a mercy;—all these terrible deeds incited to no resistance, hardly raised a murmur of complaint or remonstrance. The word of the king had been given and accepted—by anticipation he was called James the just; and his people's faith in his title to this glorious character was unshaken by the violation of all justice and all law, by judges selected, applauded, and rewarded by him: that faith stood firm even when the reeking soldiers of Kirke received from their grateful monarch caresses and re-

wards, and were greeted with a blasphemous but applauding mockery as Kirke's Lambs.

"James was now (1685) at the height of power and prosperity. Both in England and Scotland he had vanquished his enemies, and had punished them with a severity which had indeed excited their bitterest hatred, but had, at the same time, effectually quelled their courage. The Whig party seemed extinct. The name of Whig was never used, except as a term of reproach. The parliament was devoted to the king, and it was in his power to keep that parliament to the end of his reign. The Church was louder than ever in professions of attachment to him, and had, during the late insurrection, acted up to these professions. The judges were his tools; and if they ceased to be so, it was in his power to remove them. The corporations were filled with his creatures. His revenues far exceeded those of his predecessors. . . . It seemed, indeed, that it would not be easy for him to demand more than the Commons were disposed to give. Already they had abundantly proved that they were desirous to maintain his prerogatives unimpaired, and that they were by no means extreme to mark his encroachments on the rights of the people. Indeed eleven-twelfths of the members were either dependants of the court or zealous Cavaliers from the country. There were few things which such an assembly could pertinaciously refuse to the sovereign; and, happily for the nation, those few things were the very things on which James had set his heart."—Vol. ii. pp. 1, 3.

So long as James confined his despotism to acts merely of encroachment on rights affecting temporal things, he met with no opposition: and he would most probably have been able quietly, and without difficulty, to establish a permanent army, and to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act, had his subjects supposed that he would keep the promises he had made respecting the Established Church. His use of a dispensing power was not questioned, until he employed it for the purpose of thrusting Catholics into offices from which by law they were excluded. The power, which of all others the English nation has been most prone to guard with jealous care—the power of taxation—had been freely, and without let or hindrance, exercised by James on his accession. Duties which had been imposed only for the life of the late king, he had, by his mere pleasure, and by his own power, continued. For this great breach of the constitution he had been, with servile adulation, thanked in grave addresses from grave societies,—from lawyers, merchants,

and churchmen. Moreover, persecution was not unpalatable if exercised upon the Puritan party. The now dominant Tories saw with complacency the rude trial to which Baxter was subject, and approved of the imprisonment which followed that legal mockery — his only offence being “that he had with some bitterness complained of the persecution which the Dissenters suffered. That men, who, for not using the Prayer-book, had been driven from their homes, stripped of their property, and locked up in dungeons, should dare to utter a murmur, was then thought a high crime against the State and the Church.”—Vol. i. p. 491. When, however, the king proceeded one step further, the judgment passed by the nation on his conduct was instantly reversed. There can indeed be no doubt but that James desired, not simply the toleration, but the supremacy of the Catholics. We are not to be driven from this belief by any professions to the contrary, which James was in the habit of making. His professions were always such as he supposed his interests required; and repugnance to utter a falsehood never stood between him and his desires. On his accession he was far from believing that the people would acknowledge him as king, and be obedient to his will. He, therefore, upon the meeting of his first council, was profuse of promises “to maintain and preserve the government, both in Church and State, as it is now established by law.” When, however, he found the people obedient, the parliament obsequious, his language changed, and he began to disclose his real intentions. At first, he declared that he sought only toleration for his own religion. He quickly proved, nevertheless, that toleration would not content him. All the high offices of State were rapidly conferred upon Catholics. All Protestants who refused to go heart and hand with the king in establishing Catholic supremacy, were dismissed — a subserviency which stopped only at this extreme point, was held as nothing; no matter how near in kindred, how deserving by past services the person might be who refused this last proof of perfect obedience, he was unceremoniously dismissed, and disgraced. Ormond, the most devoted of Cavaliers; Clarendon and Rochester, the brothers-in-law of the king, were dismissed from office, and from favor, so soon as they showed doubt or hesitation in supporting the king in his grand scheme of establishing the supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion. The moment at which the king began to feel himself secure on his throne, that moment he began to disclose his real aims; and as his security increased, his disclosures became more complete. Mr. Macaulay's remarks upon James's conduct and its conse-

quences, deserve every consideration; but do not, we fairly own, win our complete assent:—

“His religion was still under proscription. Many rigorous laws against Roman Catholics appeared on the Statute-book, and had within no long time been rigorously executed. The Test Act excluded from civil and military office all who dissented from the Church of England; and by a subsequent act, passed when the fictions of Oates had driven the nation wild, it had been provided that no person should sit in either house of parliament without solemnly abjuring the doctrine of transubstantiation. That the king should wish to obtain for the church to which he belonged a complete toleration, was natural and right; nor is there any reason to doubt that, by a little patience, prudence, and justice, such a toleration might have been obtained.”—Vol. ii. p. 6.

Of the accuracy of the last assertion we have great doubts. The people of England dreaded and hated Popery, not merely as a political institution, but as a religion. The dread and the hate acted on and increased each other; and men, not merely of the most mighty intellect, but also possessed of the most enlarged and benevolent tolerance, made an exception in all their reasonings, and all their proposed regulations, when dealing with the position of the Catholics in England. Milton and Locke, two names ever to be revered by all to whom genius and worth are objects of reverence, have expressly and by name excepted the Roman Catholics from that large scheme of religious liberty which through life they steadily advocated. The one wrote before James had, by his rash schemes, excited and alarmed every Protestant in England and Scotland; the other was an exile in consequence of these schemes, when he composed his celebrated paper on Toleration. Both, however, in fact, have come to the same conclusion as to the danger of granting political power to the Papists; and the repugnance of Locke to give them power is not greater than that evinced by Milton; and we are inclined to believe, that no conduct on the part of James would have induced the English, and more especially the Scottish people, to consent to any scheme by which political power was to be given to the members of the Roman Church. A long experience was needed to convince those who led the public opinion, that the tenets held by the Papists were not dangerous to the stability of a constitutional government. During the reign of James, the dominion of the Pope was as fiercely contested in France as in England—contested, indeed, under dif-

ferent names, and in a different form, from those which marked the conflict in this country. But the liberties of the Gallican Church were as marked an opposition to the Papal dominion as was the Church of England itself. The Church of France, however, had not allied itself with any party vindicating civil as well as religious freedom, and, therefore, never came directly in opposition to the regal as well as papal authority. In those days, the dread of the Romish doctrines by those who sought to establish a rational liberty was not an idle or foolish dread, though it is clear that with the multitude, the theological hate formed no small portion of the motive which induced them to resist the extension of toleration to their Roman Catholic brethren. The great and enlightened minds of Milton, of Locke, or of Tillotson, might divest themselves of all bigotry, and judge calmly and dispassionately of the probable consequences attendant upon extending civil rights to the Catholics; but the multitude could not, and certainly did not, attain to any such philosophic impartiality. They hated a Papist, they denounced his doctrines as damnable, and thought they only seconded the condemning decree of the Almighty, when in this world they excluded the unhappy and erring Papist from temporal power; and we fear that it was this bitter feeling of religious hate which impelled the great body of the people to rise up against James, and which would have led to the same result, even had he confined himself to the demand of equality of civil rights for the members of his own religion; and we must recollect that the direct charge against James was, not that he sought to make his own religion supreme, but simply that he had infringed the law which excluded its professors from certain civil and ecclesiastical privileges. In what, for example, did he err in his proceedings against the seven bishops? He had issued a declaration of mere toleration, saying,—“By our sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power, we do suspend, stop, and disable all laws and acts of parliament made or executed against any of our Roman Catholic subjects in time past . . . so that they shall be in all things as free in all respects as any of our Protestant subjects.” There was hereunto added a clause, stating that he made no doubt of the concurrence of his two houses of parliament, when he should think it convenient for them to meet. In the mean time, an order in council was issued, enjoining the bishops to see this declaration of liberty of conscience, as it was called, sent and distributed throughout their several dioceses, to be read at the usual time of divine service, twice, in all churches and chapels, on

certain days named in the order. Seven of the bishops petitioned the king, praying, in most humble and decorous terms, to be excused from so distributing and publishing the declaration, alleging, and truly, that the declaration assumed a dispensing power which had often been declared illegal. All that the king sought ostensibly to obtain, was the simple equality of his subjects,—an end praiseworthy in itself, if truly sought, and pursued in a legal and constitutional manner. His conduct, however, clearly showed, that he sought something beyond equality, and what he did avowedly seek, he sought by illegal means. Illegal means he had often before employed to attain his desired ends. These ends had been often in themselves atrocious, still oftener illegal; but he had not before been crossed by the great Tory party, or by the leaders of the Church of England, in the fulfilment of his desires. When taxing the people by his own authority without the sanction of parliament—when decimating the west by means of Kirke and Jeffries, when persecuting the Non-conformists—he proceeded hand in hand with the great party which had in reality placed him on the throne.

“Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time.” After giving a graphic detail of the sufferings of the Non-conformists, Mr. Macaulay thus concludes his first volume:—

“Through many years the autumn of 1685 was remembered by the Non-conformists as a time of misery and terror. Yet in that autumn might be discerned the first faint indications of a great turn of fortune; and before eighteen months had elapsed, the intolerant king and the intolerant Church were eagerly bidding against each other for the support of the party which both had so deeply injured.”

Of the two great political parties, the most hostile to the Catholics at that time were the Whigs and the Non-conformists; though themselves laboring under civil disabilities, in consequence of entertaining certain religious opinions, yet they hated the Catholics, even with a more bitter hatred than was manifested towards them by the members of the Church of England. In later years, however, this state of things has been entirely changed. It has suited the party-purposes of the Whigs to advocate the claims of the Roman Catholics: and the Dissenters united with them in their demand for civil freedom. Mr. Macaulay has through life been a Whig politician, and has ranked among the most eloquent supporters of

the Catholics and the Dissenters, when thus laying claim to the privilege of civil equality. The habits of a life are not easily laid aside; the sympathies which have been cherished for years cannot be at once, or even quickly, subdued. Looking back at the past history of his party, and of his clients, the Dissenters, he has unluckily found them holding opinions directly opposed to his own, and cherishing animosities which his whole life has been spent in opposing. For we insist that all the evidence which Mr. Macaulay has himself adduced, all the evidence that the records of the past contain, incontestibly proves that the chief objection of the Whig, Puritan, Tory, and Church of England parties to the conduct of James, was not that it was illegal, but that the end of toleration of the Catholics which he pursued, was, in their opinion, a mischievous end. Illegal conduct on the part of the king was not only borne with, but applauded, so long as the end sought found favor with the dominant party; so soon as the end sought was hateful to that party, then, and not before, they censured and opposed the king,—then, and not before, they discovered that he adopted illegal means to obtain his objects,—then, and not before, they blamed him in so doing; and, finally, they combined with their old opponents, and dethroned and discarded him. These opponents, viz., the Whigs and Puritans, would have been glad to receive toleration for themselves, but would not accept it if it were extended to the Catholics, whom they hated; and when they had been themselves in power, they had most fiercely maintained the doctrine of exclusion, and had passed the most stringent laws by which that exclusion was enforced. And Halifax, who was no Whig—who was not a Tory—but gloried in the name of Trimmer, and who, therefore, might be deemed somewhat less virulent than those of his contemporaries, who ranged themselves as partisans in either camp,—Halifax distinctly refused to give his vote in parliament in favor of the principle of toleration. Here is positive proof that the thing disliked was not the illegality of the means, but the nature of the end itself. What the king asked Halifax to do was what he might, without any impropriety, have done—he was asked to do what Mr. Macaulay has himself done, viz., to vote in favor of a repeal of the Test Act. This act has been in our own times repealed, on the motion of the leader of that Government to which Mr. Macaulay belonged—of Lord John Russell himself. Yet Halifax, whose character and conduct find in Mr. Macaulay a favorable judge, preferred disgrace, and loss of place and profit, to giving the assistance and countenance of his

vote to the great doctrine of Toleration. This conduct Mr. Macaulay distinctly approves, and thus ingeniously defends his own conduct, and that of his party, who have of late years attempted to repeal all those disabilities which that same party imposed above a century and a half ago:—

“There are two opposite errors into which those who study the annals of our country are in constant danger of falling,—the error of judging the present by the past, and the error of judging the past by the present. The former is the error of minds prone to reverence whatever is old; the latter, of minds readily attracted by whatever is new. The former error may perpetually be observed in the reasonings of Conservative politicians on the questions of their own day. The latter error perpetually infects the speculations of writers of the liberal school when they discuss the transactions of an earlier age. The former error is the more pernicious in a statesman, and the latter in a historian.

“It is not easy for any person who in our time undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve with steadiness the happy mean between these two extremes. The question whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to parliament and to office, convulsed our country during the reign of James II.,* was set at rest by his downfall; and, having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years the contest went on in both houses of parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of a civil war. Even when the struggle had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man whose mind was under the influence of those passions, to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

“One class of politicians, starting from the true position that the Revolution had been a

* This is the correct view. The real cause of dispute with James was, not his illegal conduct, but his desire to emancipate the Catholics. His attempt, like all premature attempts, put back his cause; but no wisdom on his part would have enabled him to conquer the dread entertained by his Protestant subjects of Catholic domination. That dread is still felt, and is at this moment most powerful among Dissenting bodies. Mr. Macaulay must have become conscious of this fact during the last election for Edinburgh.

great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion, that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervades the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence, even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

"Perhaps, however, it will be found on examination that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by the great English Statesmen of our own time."—Vol. ii. pp. 236, 37.

The reason given by Mr. Macaulay for the change in the sentiments of English statesmen, is the change that time has wrought in the actual power of the king. But that power was curtailed by the Revolution; and yet those by whom it was cut down, never proposed to free the Catholics from what succeeding politicians have deemed an unjust restriction. Mr. Macaulay, however, avoids the difficulty, by asserting that—

"It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was not, whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was king, it was inevitable that there should be exclusion; and the only question was, Who should be excluded, Papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen, or five millions?"—Vol. ii. p. 241.

This may be perfectly true, but does not really get over the difficulty. This might be an excellent reason for putting away James, but is not a justification of the exclusive laws which followed the success of the Revolution. For our parts we do not feel any anxiety to justify the conduct of those who conducted this great Revolution, believing that a change so really beneficial to mankind has seldom been effected by men more thoroughly base and contemptible. The only person among all the many actors about whom any doubt can exist, is William of Orange himself. Mr. Macaulay has labored hard to produce a striking and attractive portrait of this great Whig hero; but

the rough good sense of common natures finds it difficult to admire a character so cold, so impassive, so full of dissimulation. The ordinary feelings of piety and filial reverence are shocked and outraged, when the daughter and the son drive the gray-haired father out of his home, to be a wanderer and an outcast upon the earth. A great national necessity *may* justify such an act; but then it must be made plain that it was the necessity, and that alone, which led to it. Personal ambition—the impatience of an heir about to be dispossessed—must be shown to have had no share in the catastrophe; and we think it will, with all men, be found difficult to make them believe that William and Mary dispossessed James, their father, solely for the benefit of the tender consciences of England. That James should be dethroned, that his cruelty, his degrading tyranny, and tortuous policy should be checked and put an end to, was, indeed, a happy event for England and the world. The constitution established by the Revolution which dismissed him from the government of England, has, by its steady working and many happy results, proved that a constitutional government can exist with advantage, even among great and powerful nations. The examples of the Grecian republics, those of Holland, and Florence, and Venice, and of Italy generally during the middle ages, were not conclusive. These were comparatively petty states, small in extent, and the inhabitants few in number, and confined, in the most part, to single or confederate cities. But when a nation so extensive and powerful as England proved by example that its government could be wisely conducted by the people themselves, it became certain that other nations would, when the opportunity offered, attempt to obtain the same great blessing for themselves. From that day forth every constitutional government must be considered the consequence of the successful arrangement adopted by our ancestors in 1688. We are, then, not at all inclined to look with disfavor on the actors from any dislike of the result of their doings. On the contrary, their doings strongly lead us to look with applause upon the men themselves; and it is with a singular mixture of shame and anger that we are compelled to acknowledge that a baser, more ignoble, more thoroughly degraded and immoral, more canting and hypocritical crew, never assumed the garb, and used the language of honest men. Mr. Macaulay, as he in the course of his narrative encounters each act of baseness, speaks of it as it deserves, and is not sparing of indignant and scornful epithets to mark his sense of the meanness he is compelled to describe; but it appears to us strange

that his general estimate of the characters of the great drama, bears no marks of the contemptuous undervaluing which is, in the individual instances, exhibited. Epithets of respect and admiration are employed, when he speaks generally of the men by whom the Revolution was effected. The result is, a feeling of incongruity. It is like hearing a verdict of not guilty, after listening to an uninterrupted evidence of guilt.

Running, then, through the catalogue of the names of the leaders on this occasion, we feel within ourselves no peculiar desire to extenuate their misdeeds, no wish to believe them in the right; and we frankly own, that we find it difficult to make ourselves believe that it was wise to maintain and enforce, immediately after the Revolution of 1688, acts which, in 1829, it was wise to repeal. We cannot assent to the doctrine that both proceedings were equally wise and necessary. We do not find any difficulty in ascertaining *why* these acts were maintained after 1688. Fear and hate on the part of the Protestant party induced the leaders to uphold the exclusion of the Roman Catholics; fear and hate induced the leaders of the Church to maintain the exclusion of the Non-conformists. In no country had the experiment of perfect toleration been tried; and no sect, whether Protestant or Catholic, was prepared when in power, to make the members of all religions equal before the law. All sects, while under persecution, held a language different from that which they employed when in the ascendant; but none pretended practically to apply their liberal maxims when they were able to persecute. The fact is, that in this respect the opinions of statesmen have greatly changed. The experiment of toleration has been tried, and the precautions which were, in the seventeenth century, deemed indispensable, have been, in the nineteenth, set aside as unnecessary and mischievous. But while statesmen have been thus convinced, the people in our country, at least, still in a great degree retain the feelings of their ancestors. Had England, in 1829, been polled, the vote, we sincerely believe, would have been against Catholic Emancipation. If the Catholics of Ireland could at this moment do as they desire, Protestants would be excluded from power, and not improbably be subjected to persecution. In England, at the present time, the No-papery feeling is strong, and not insignificantly manifested by the language held, the questions asked, and the cries raised at the late elections. The great distinction between our own times and those of the Revolution of 1688, is, that the leaders and the people do not sympathize in their opinions. Statesmen have

now an exoteric and esoteric doctrine, and their conduct results from a compromise between the two. The more unscrupulous a politician is, the more easy is it for him to shape his course and please his party. If he thinks for himself, and will not stoop to falsehood, his power as a politician will be small; he may be esteemed, but he will not govern.

The merely political considerations of this work, however, form but a part of its attractions. At the outset, Mr. Macaulay gives a description of what he deems the duties of a historian. He says,—

“I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the Government; to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the lives of their ancestors.”—Vol. i. p. 3.

The extensive and multifarious reading of Mr. Macaulay, his marvellous memory, his sensitive nature and disquisitive spirit, have enabled him to perform this part of his task with singular skill and effect. He has made himself so completely familiar with every part of the literature belonging to the times of which he speaks, that he describes like an eye-witness, and judges like a contemporary. In the margin of the page there is no ostentation of reference, no pretensive display of reading. But yet every page proves by its own intrinsic evidence that the author is perfectly *at home* in his subject; that he has not, as is now too often the practice, *crammed* for the purpose in hand, and, with a false show of great research and careful consideration, contented himself with a superficial inquiry, and delivered himself of hasty and almost chance judgments. Mr. Macaulay has really lived again, by means of its literature, through the time of our great Revolution. His opinions are emphatically his own, the result of evidence attained by his own industry, and thus, whether correct or erroneous, deserve all the respect which is due, and so justly due, to an honest and independ-

ent judgment. The work has besides one other, and, in our eyes, no trifling source of interest. In its style and form it may be received as the best illustration which its author can give of his own conception of the mode in which history should be written. With the historians of every country, of every age, Mr. Macaulay is familiar; composition, in many branches, more especially history, has been to him a subject of constant and profound meditation. A scholar to whom the great historians of Greece and Rome, of Italy, France, and Germany, are as familiar as those of his own country, he comes before us rather as their rival in the art of composition, than as the mere chronicler of events which he desires to leave on record. In the way of evidence, he adds nothing to our former acquired knowledge; still, from the manner in which the various facts are combined, the mode in which they are illustrated and commented on, a new picture is produced; a more vivid, as well as more accurate conception of the events themselves, is acquired by the reader, simply because the artist is skilful, not because he is a witness. Viewed in this light as a contribution to our literature, the work is worthy of a far more elaborate consideration than we can now bestow on it. Our first decision is entirely in its favor. But of such a book, regarded as a work of art, no off-hand judgment is of much value. The only sure test is the *decies repetita*; and the extraordinary fascination which has been the effect of a single perusal, makes us more than commonly doubtful of our present capacity for the forming of a correct decision. The rapid style swept us onward with the force of a torrent: from the commencement to the end of two stout volumes there was no halt.

As we turned the last page we were surprised and grieved to find ourselves at the journey's end. Borne onward by the rushing stream of narrative, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of indulging in unhesitating admiration of the many brilliant scenes past which we were hurried. Picture after picture came and went in quick succession, all brilliant, all attractive. From the beginning to the end there was no repose: and we begin to suspect that when we are able, in a calmer mood, to view the whole picture together, the constant and dazzling light will appear excessive; and we shall need, what a more perfect art would have supplied, intervals of rest,—rest which a more sedate and quiet narrative, would, from time to time, have afforded. The illustration here taken from the sister art of painting we believe accurate, and, for the moment, useful, because it gives our criticism a sort of palpable existence,

and will enable others at once to decide whether their feelings have been the same as our own.

The epigrammatic style employed throughout the work appears to great advantage, and is, indeed, then perfectly appropriate, when individuals are to be described, and their habits of thought and feeling, their moral and mental character, have to be brought vividly before the reader. In his delineation of the numerous actors in this vast drama, Mr. Macaulay shines with a steady, clear, and almost unequalled lustre. His spirit is, however, well under control, and he is never unjust for the sake of his epigram.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Sir Thomas Mitchell has made successful experiments on a method of propelling through water by the screw,—which avoids the lateral resistance offered to all existing applications of the instrument; and left behind him instructions for a patent—which is now complete. Sir Thomas expects great things from this construction—no less, we understand, than a performance of 500 miles a day for large steamers. The results are incalculable if this prove so. The sea will be no more an obstacle than the dry land. The wave will almost beat the rail. Thirty days out to Sydney, for instance, will bring that most remote of our colonies, comparatively speaking, nearly home.—We shall soon hear more of Sir Thomas Mitchell's instrument if it can "put a girdle round about the earth" at any such rate of conjuring.

INDURATION OF STONE.—In connection with this subject, says the *Builder*, we have examined specimens of soft sandstone from the Calverley quarries, Tonbridge Wells, after being subjected to the indurating process practised by Mr. Hutchison. The effect, according to the patentee, is not merely to indurate soft stone, but to render all kinds of stone, &c., impervious to atmospheric action, vermin, &c.,—which qualities cannot be too highly estimated for hydraulic paving, building, decorative and monumental work. He professes to transform the Caen, Bath, and other stone, into materials invincible to destructive agents, to equal marble for beauty and durability,—and says for water-pipes, reservoirs, cisterns, mangers, troughs, sinks, &c., neither iron nor other material can equal the indurated stone for cheapness and strength. We need scarcely say that time is the great test for such an invention.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

HUNGARY IN 1848.

KOSSUTH AND JELLACHICH.

(Concluded.)

Here commences in effect the open struggle between the government of Vienna, and the Hungarian Ministry. Let us be careful to observe the dates; for dates are of much importance when two parties mutually accuse each other of treason. The period of which we are tracing the principal events, may be thus divided:—

1. From the sixteenth of March, the date of the revolution, to the fifth of July, the period when the diet was opened, and the Austrian government, shattered in its own capital, forced to retreat in upper Italy, and a fugitive at Inspruck, was compelled to loosen the reins, and to yield to all the demands of the Hungarians.

2. In the months of July and August resistance is organized at Vienna, and encouragement, or at least toleration, is afforded to the opposition which the revolutionary measures of the Hungarian ministry encounters. The two governments negotiate, but it is clear to both that a struggle is inevitable.

3. In the beginning of September, hostile intentions are openly proclaimed; both parties issue their manifestoes, and call upon their followers to take up arms. It is this point which we have reached, and we will now follow the progress of subsequent events.

In the first week of September, Jellachich assumed the command of all the imperial troops assembled in the three provinces of Croatia and Slavonia. The Austrian Field-marshal Hrabowsky, under whose command they had stood, resigned them to him, without making a single objection. The Emperor refused to sanction the decree which authorized the idea of paper money. The Hungarian assembly retorted by decreeing the penalty of death against all who should refuse to accept the new *assignats*. Some troops were collected upon the frontier of Croatia, and the minister of war, Mezzaros, took the command in person; but these troops, consisting principally of Slavonians and Germans, evinced a great repugnance to the civil war which they were to engage in. The second Transylvanian regiment, composed of Wallachians, was brought by forced marches as far as Szégédin, but there refused to advance any further; and

wheeling round, returned into its old encampment.

About this time, on the tenth of September, the diet resolved to make an appeal to the Emperor himself. A deputation was appointed, at the head of which stood the president of the chamber, Pazmandy, and was introduced into the imperial presence at Schönbrunn. The address which was made on this occasion is remarkable for the severity of its language: "It is in the name of the fidelity which for centuries we have testified towards your ancestors, that we come before you this day, to demand the maintenance of the rights of the kingdom. Hungary was not annexed to your crown as a conquered province, but as a free nation, the privileges and the independence of which are guaranteed by the oath taken by your Majesty at your coronation. * * * The wishes of the people have been fulfilled, thanks to the laws passed by the diet; why are the rights of the nation menaced by an insurrection, the leaders of which proclaim aloud that they are fighting for the cause of your Majesty? While the blood of Hungary is flowing in Italy for the defence of the Austrian monarchy, one party of her children has treacherously risen against the other, and refuses the obedience due to the legal government of the country. Insurrection is menacing our frontiers, and, while it professes to be engaged in the support of your authority, is attacking, in reality, the integrity of the empire, our ancient, and our newly-acquired liberties! It is in the name of the people that we demand of your Majesty, that you will order the Hungarian regiments to obey unreservedly the Hungarian ministry. We demand that Croatia shall be freed from military despotism, in order that she may be truly united to Hungary. We demand, finally, that your Majesty, disengaging yourself from the reactionary counsels by which you are surrounded, shall give your immediate sanction to all the measures voted by the diet, and come to live at Pesth, in the midst of your people, where your royal presence is necessary to save your country. Let your Majesty hasten; nameless misfortunes may result from the least delay."

The tone of the speaker, and the general attitude of the deputies did not permit the meaning of the last words to be equivocal. The Emperor contented himself with replying, that the bad state of his health would make it impossible for him to go to Pesth; that as to the law for the issue of paper-money, the sanction of which was demanded, he would reconsider the subject, but that he was inclined to refuse it; and that with regard to Croatia he had already addressed a manifesto to the Ban, for the purpose of producing an amicable arrangement.

The deputation, consisting of a hundred and sixty members, listened in silence to the Emperor, and retired without uttering another word. "Never," said one of the deputies, "did a sovereign bid a more sad farewell to a great nation." The deputies tore from their caps the mingled colors of Austria and Hungary, put in their place a red cockade, and hoisted a flag of the same color on the steamboat which took them back to Pesth. In that city the irritation was extreme. The revolutionary section of the government had not hitherto dared openly to proclaim a separation; they wished to retain the name of the king, that they might, under its sanction, impose upon the nation the decisions which they had arrived at without his concurrence, and frequently against his interests and well known will. This semblance of respect gave authority in the eyes of the people to the proceedings of the diet, and preserved for them the support of the old majority. It was only on this condition that it consented to follow Kossuth, seeking still to deceive itself, and not avowing that it was progressing towards a revolution, day by day more inevitable, against the constitutional king.

The return of the deputies dispelled the fiction, under the shadow of which the proceedings had hitherto been carried on. They had been badly received by the people of Vienna; at Pressburg, where the inhabitants were displeased to have lost the advantages which the sittings of the diet procured for them, gun-shots were fired at the red flag carried by their steamboat. It was now become necessary to tear aside the veil; either to return within the bounds of legality, to renounce the revolutionary measures which necessarily led to a rupture, or to proclaim aloud the separation. Would the old constitutional opposition, belying its principles and the sentiments from which it derived its strength, abjure the faith which it had sworn, and pronounce for Kossuth and the radical party against the constitutional king? The discussion was loud and stormy. Bathiany and Deak wished the

assembly to have recourse once more to the mediation of the Palatine. Kossuth and Szémeré, the minister of the interior, protested against the disavowal by the diet of the threats which they had uttered at Vienna. The most energetic measures, they said, must be voted without delay.

In consequence of this division in the ministry, the radical party, feeling sure of the devotion of a majority in the assembly, suddenly resolved to place their resignation in the hands of the Palatine. They hoped that he would not dare to accept it, and that their power would be firmly established by this expedient. The Arch-duke Palatine deceived their expectations; he accepted the resignations, and wrote to the assembly that he was prepared to take the management of affairs into his own hands. The radical party did not intend this result; their adherents caused a violent tumult in the chamber, and treated the communication as unconstitutional, because it was not countersigned by all the responsible ministers. The former ministers, with the exception of Bathiany, surrounded Kossuth, and entreated him to withdraw his resignation. A deputation was sent to express to the Palatine the wish of the assembly that the ministry should return to power. The Palatine did not conceal the just displeasure which he felt at the conduct which the assembly had pursued towards him. It was the first decided step which he had taken since the commencement of the crisis; he had remained passive in the midst of the storm which threatened his family and the country, in the hope that, if he did not compromise his popularity, the day would come when he would be able to act the part of mediator between Austria and Hungary, and serve as security to both parties. He had sought, until this day (September 15th), to gain time, and had contented himself with endeavoring to incline the balance in favor of the best, or rather least dangerous counsels; and he had acted only as mediator between Hungary and Croatia, a character which had been assigned to him by an imperial decree, when the Arch-duke John was unable any longer to sustain it. He reproached, therefore, the deputies with some degree of bitterness for the hostility which was evinced towards him, and declared, that if it was their intention to constrain his actions, he would quit Pesth and Hungary. A few days later, after having been to reconnoitre the advanced posts of the Croat army, the young Palatine did, in effect, take his departure. It is said that in the Croat army he met the Arch-duke Frederick, and that the presence of his young cousin permitted him no longer to remain in doubt respecting the wishes

of the Emperor, and the impossibility of the part which he had hoped to sustain. At Vienna he resigned his office, and then retired to his private domains in Moravia.

It was not only the reply of the Emperor to the Hungarian deputation which provoked this crisis. At the same moment, (September 11th), the Croat troops, with the Ban at their head, were crossing that river, the Drave, on the banks of which Bathiany had said to Jellachich that they should meet. The army advanced without experiencing any opposition. It halted before the fortress of Esseg, the commander of which displayed the imperial standard, and said that he was there, not for the Hungarian government, but for the Emperor of Austria, and the Croat army passed on. It was preceded by the following proclamation, which was issued by the Ban :—

“To the Hungarian Nation ;

“In setting my foot in this country, to which I am attached by the most lively sympathy, I take God for witness, that I do not resort to this measure, without having exhausted all the means of conciliation. I do it, compelled by the plots of a faction, of which the Hungarian ministry is only the legal instrument, and which, in the pursuit of its criminal projects, seeks to degrade the royal majesty, and to destroy the sacred alliance which binds Hungary and the united kingdoms to their king and their constitution.

“It is vain to apply the name of revolt or of treason to a step which is prompted only by a pure love of my country, and by fidelity to my king. Do not fear, however, that I wish to retract any of the concessions, any of the privileges which have recently been assured to the Hungarian nation by the royal word. All that has been done legally shall be preserved. It is not an enemy who invades the plains of Hungary ; it is a friend who comes to succor the legal subjects of a constitutional king. They will extend to me the fraternal hand, and, with the help of God, we will together free the country from an incapable, odious, and rebellious government.”

It will be seen that, without omitting the national quarrel and the old grievances, the Ban of Croatia no longer speaks as the mere chief of an insurgent province or of an allied kingdom, claiming with armed hand its just rights, but that he utters also,—he utters chiefly,—the language of the Emperor's lieutenant, recalling nations to the loyalty which they owe to their sovereign. He proclaims liberty for all the different nations, equality

for all the various races, but only under the revered authority of the Emperor, the father, as he elsewhere calls him, of his country.

The approach of the Croat army had only increased the ardor of the revolutionary party at Pesth, and destroyed the last chance of the moderates. Count Bathiany, the president of the previous ministry, was then seeking to form a new one, from which Kossuth and the minister of the interior, Szémeré should be excluded. They were to be replaced by members of the old liberal opposition, now considered conservatives. Deak was to continue minister of justice, the brilliant poet and orator Eotóös, of public worship, and Count Alexander Erdödy was to represent the chamber of magnates, and give confidence to the friends of order. This ministry was on the point of being organized, when it was broken up by the reaction caused by the advance of Jellachich and a new refusal which the diet experienced at Vienna. This latter was even more serious than the previous one had been, for it came from the Austrian national assembly. The fact is important, and must be explained. On the 17th of September the diet had decreed that a deputation of twenty-five members should proceed to Vienna, and place itself in direct communication with the national assembly. They were to denounce the treason of the central government, and to demand assistance from the representatives of the empire against the Croats. In this deputation were included all those who in former times had figured as political conspirators, and it was headed by Vessélény, the old agitator of Hungary, now blind, feeble, and bowed down by age. The assembly of Vienna deliberated, however, not what reply should be given to the deputation, but on the preliminary question, whether it should be admitted, and suffered to make known the object for which it came. The assembly decided, by a majority of 186 against 108, not to admit the deputation. The Hungarian diet resented this insult, and in its exasperation threw itself into the arms of Kossuth, and conferred upon him unlimited powers. He shared his dictatorship with his old colleague Szémeré, and selected six radical deputies to form a council of state. It is remarkable that the word republic was never mentioned ; every thing was done in the name of the king, though it may readily be imagined that the royal sanction was not sought.

The new government immediately adopted vigorous measures for the defence of the capital ; all the troops in the neighborhood were collected, and national guards presented themselves on every side. They were sent out

under the command of the two brothers Huniady to encounter Jellachich. Kossuth, in the mean while, in one of those burning addresses which have such a powerful influence upon the energetic patriotism of every Hungarian assembly, electrified the chamber by calling upon the deputies to follow him to the ramparts, and to work, spade in hand, upon the fortifications of the city, to tear up the pavements and to erect barricades, while the women should be preparing pitch and boiling oil, to pour from the tops of the houses upon the enemy.

It was clearly no longer against the Ban alone that the government of Pesth was about to contend. The Austrian government, encouraged by the rapid march of Jellachich and by the disapprobation which the last attempt of the Hungarians had excited in the national assembly, determined to act with vigor, and was the first to throw aside the mutual falsehoods which had been exchanged during the last six months. An extraordinary commissioner was appointed, who was to hold in his own hands unlimited powers, and the Emperor, as King of Hungary, thus addressed his people:—"I have seen the desolation of my faithful subjects in Hungary, and I am determined to apply a remedy. I will restore peace to the country, and will reëstablish, together with the rights of my crown, tranquillity and liberty for all. For this purpose, and during the absence of the Palatine of the kingdom, I have invested with unlimited powers Field-marshal Count Lamberg, and have confided to him the supreme command of all the troops which are now in Hungary."

Count Lamberg approached Pesth on the 29th of September. The radicals had determined openly and forcibly to oppose the Emperor's decree, and prepared to intercept the commissioner. During the night scythes and pitch-forks had been distributed among the peasants who had been brought in from the neighborhood. Pesth is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and is united by a bridge of boats to Buda, the ancient residence of the Turkish pashas. Lamberg had first visited the commander of the fortress at Buda, and was proceeding without escort,—for he did not seem to comprehend the danger of his mission,—across the bridge, when he was stopped by a body of men armed with scythes, dragged from the carriage, and barbarously murdered. They then stripped the clothes from his body, fastened a cord round the feet and dragged it through the streets of Pesth; others dipped their hands in his blood, which was shed upon the bridge, and dyed with it the flag which they carried.

Thus the war commenced with an assassination, worthy prologue to a conflict in which will be found united all the horrors that may be expected to arise from the hatred of races, the fury of serfs but recently enfranchised, religious and political fanaticism, and the ferocity of half-barbarous nations.

Indignation was loudly manifested at Vienna, and it was judged necessary to make an open declaration which might strike terror into the enemy. The following manifesto appeared on the third of October, simultaneously with one appointing Count Adam de Recsey president of the Hungarian ministry:—

"We, Ferdinand, Emperor and constitutional King, &c. &c. To our great grief and indignation, the Hungarian diet has suffered itself to be driven to illegal acts by Louis Kossuth and his partisans. It has even carried into effect several decrees contrary to our royal will, and has recently passed a resolution against our plenipotentiary, Count Lamberg, before he could present his credentials; a resolution, in consequence of which he was attacked and assassinated by a savage band of murderers.

"Under these circumstances it is our duty to issue the following decrees.

"1. The diet is dissolved. Its sittings will henceforth be suspended.

"2. All the resolutions passed by the diet, which have not been sanctioned by us, are null and void.

"3. All the troops and forces of Hungary, as well as those of Transylvania, will obey the command of the Ban of Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia, the Field-marshal Baron of Jellachich.

"4. Until the restoration of peace martial law is proclaimed in Hungary.

"5. The Ban Jellachich is named his majesty's commissioner-general, with unlimited powers for the whole of Hungary. All the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities have to render to him the same obedience as they would to ourselves.

"We charge our commissioner especially to proceed with all the severity of the law against the murderers of Count Lamberg.

"As soon as the unity of the empire shall be reëstablished, as soon as each nation shall have gained its rights, and the mutual relations of all the countries united under our crown shall be established upon a strong and sure foundation, the power of the laws shall be restored by the representatives of all the constituting portions of the empire."

The diet responded to this manifesto by declaring itself a national assembly. It has established itself in permanence; it has appoint-

ed under Kossuth a committee of public safety, and, every other feeling having subsided in this warlike nation on the approach of danger to the country, the whole country has taken up arms against the enemy.

Jellachich is still a young man ; he has a quick and martial eye, with thick brows, and the animated but somewhat restless expression of the Slavonic race. The firmness of his mind is immovable, and he believes that he is accomplishing a sacred mission. Letters intercepted by the Hungarians, prove that, at the commencement of the enterprise, the Emperor rather disapproved of it. To all the imperial remonstrances Jellachich replied with a re-

spectful firmness : " Sire, I demand your Majesty's pardon, but I wish to save the empire. Others may live, if they please, when it has fallen ; but I will not live." There is in these words a tranquil and devoted obstinacy, which tells of the neighborhood and the fatalism of the East. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one which, at the moment when a war of races is about to commence, ought to call for serious reflection on the part of the old European nations, that the three men of Austria, at the present moment, Windischgrätz, Radetzky, and Jellachich, all belong to the Slavonic race.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

PRINCES AND PRIESTS ; OR, ORIENTAL DAGUERREOTYPES.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

Every body, on the 25th of August, 184—, was to be seen with an image of Ganese, the elephant-headed deity, in his hand, for it was the great festival of the " Ganese chatworthee." The poorer folks danced about little plaster images, adorned with necklaces and ear-jewels of red and green pigment ; others paraded effigies of wood, with no speculation in the eyes that so of tale did glare withal ; while some extolled the merits of a god of cloth, a " guy," stuffed very hard, and clad in blue, while all the snippings of a tailor's cutting-room seemed to have been put in requisition for his ears and trunk. Some idols were of stone, curiously carved : the material differed with the rank of the worshipper ; but he would have been thought a luckless householder indeed, who did not to-day refresh the Lares of his hearth, and anoint a new Ganese, fated to a watery grave when the sun sank upon the western wave. Among the rich, these idols were costly, but I had not an opportunity of seeing more of them than in divers peeps, obtained by torchlight, through the open doors of the richly-gilded palankeens, which bore these objects of a nation's worship to the sea. Several of these palkees I passed in the great bazaar, when returning from our evening drive. The interiors were hung with wreaths and festoons of chumpa and mogree blossoms, and were decorated with gold, jewels, and rich brocade, while, supported by cushions, sat the Hindoo god of wisdom, the great Gunputtee, whose early accident, as related in the Purans, so mortifyingly furnished him with

the elephant's proboscis. Around the palankeens flashed torches, throwing their red glare upon the jewelled head of the deity, while tomtoms in advance, and shrill pipes from the rear, added to the noise and discord. Horsemen and footmen, Brahmins, and the wealthy of the island, attended these processions, and ere the stars shone forth, thousands of elephant-headed gods were consigned to the deep waters.

The great procession connected with this festival is to be seen at Baroda, where the Guicowar, as its Hindoo patron, makes the most of it. Wisdom, one would think, was supreme in the dominion of his highness, if we might judge of it by the distinctions with which it is annually treated, did not facts assure us of the contrary ; however, not only does Ganese ride forth on this his fête day, in the finest of all fine palankeens, but the prince attends him ; and not only the prince, (who, like the pope, might afford to appear humble one day in the year, for the sake of his creed,) but the British Resident is there, too, with the sepoy of a British army, and the national music of England, with elephants, and trumpets, and banners, and a shouting multitude ; and all to do honor to an idol of wood or stone !

We cannot tell how long respect for the prejudices of the Guicowar may command this consideration at our hands. Some admirable papers, written by a missionary at Baroda, have already appeared on the subject, which well deserve attention ; for, independently of

the grief and pain such duty must cause to many European officers, called upon to command this guard of honor to a Hindoo deity, it is quite certain that Hindoos, when they witness these marks (as they consider them,) of homage and respect, believe that we do absolutely respect the *objects* of the ceremony, and that our rule in India is, somehow or other, a permitted one, on the part of their gods, whose supremacy we are obliged, for our own security's sake, to acknowledge by such public demonstrations of respect. I have been told by intelligent natives that it is really matter of popular opinion, that it is not the prince, but the deity we so honor; that it is not a courteous form by which we seek to keep order, but a voluntary act of absolute homage; and, if this is indeed so, the fact deserves attention. Natives have frequently told me, with regard to the Mohurum Hooli, and other similar observances, that if European officers did not attend processions and natches, the sepoys and natives generally would care much less about them, and not be encouraged to spend the large sums they now do, on dancing women, lights, and decorations. The sepoys are flattered at the presence of their superiors, and set greater value on the occasions which seem to interest them. I confess I had never viewed the matter in this light, but had ever considered the accepting such invitations as mere acts of courtesy, necessary to encourage and keep up good feeling between the native subordinates and their European superiors; but the assurances I have since received on the matter, from sound authority, place these concessions in a very different and very important point of view.

The month *Shrawun* requires the celebration of more festivals than any of the rest of the Hindoo year, and consequently the priestly class are in full feather. The meer's house being situated between two great bazaars, and on the high road from two important temples, that of Juggernath Sunkersett and that on Malabar Hill, fakirs pass by, and are seen about it, at all hours and in all varieties. The earliest abroad I observed to be a man who, at five every morning, was so freshly smeared with wood ashes, that the only dark portions of his body were the pupils of his wily, malignant-looking eyes; he wore a high crown, like the cap of Osiris, of peacocks' feathers, and a tiger's skin over his shoulders; he carried a dish and staff, and, I suspect, creates an impression advantageous to his own interests. This worthy is generally followed by a man carrying a child, frightfully crippled, in a basket slung by a bamboo over his shoulder; the man wears ochre-colored garments, and the

child roars out something or other in praise of Mahdeo which neither he nor any one else can understand. Then comes an old fakir, dragged along by a coolie in a little cart, covered with brickdust-looking cloth, and rests from place to place, until they have made the tour of every temple in the "*quartier*," and the wise man's scrip is full; and there are scores of others smeared with white dust, and laden with heavy beads; all scowling and malignant beings, intent on the robbery of their fellow-men.

It was but a few days before the festival, as I was riding up from Tardeo to the Sunkersett temple, that I saw a strange creature on the road, who I imagined might be one of the huge monkeys from Guzzerat, which the Brahmins delight in petting, in honor of their god Huniman; and I fancied the creature might have wandered beyond the precincts of the temple, to look about him a little and get an appetite for fresh mangoes and his morning rice. Having no sympathy with Huniman's votaries in this particular taste for the long-armed Guzzeratees, I was about to turn my horse along a by-path, when I remarked that several of the fruit people, toddy sellers, and others, on their way to the bazaar, salaamed to this creature and made way for it. Now, really, even to the monkey who boards at a temple, I thought this was going too far; and thus having my suspicions roused by it, I rode forwards, and soon saw that it was a poor creature who, in penitential mood, and to gain credit for a work of merit, was absolutely hopping his way, in the posture of a frog, to every temple of renown in western India! He looked old and emaciated, as one who really to the letter performed his vow, and did so, moreover, from a sincere belief both in its necessity and in its value.

A few days after this, I saw another man near the same temple, stretched upon the ground, who was measuring his length towards Nassik; but I had my doubts of him, for he was of stalwart frame, and looked amazingly as if he got up and walked sturdily along under the shelter of the jungles, when no one was on his path; for he was a healthy, muscular looking rogue, whose motives I suspected to be none of the purest. I asked the Brahmin, Nana Narain, about them both, and he first shook his head, and then nodded it, with a very incredulous air; and when I asked him if he thought them sincere, he said, "Oh no! —they did these foolish things for what they could get! There were not so many as there used to be, for people did not encourage them now." He said the few now here went, in consequence of its being *Shrawun*, to the Mah.

deo and Sivaite temples, because, as some part of it was a great fast, such penances were more likely to be a good means of collecting alms. In the Bharut and Ramayan, Mahratta plays, that were performed here at the Dewalli sometimes, these people were often introduced "to make laughter." They called themselves Sanyassis, but they were generally only beggars. People sometimes educated their children, he said, to this sort of life, as a trade, and taught them "very curious things," by which they better imposed upon the people; such as remaining for days without food and water, charming snakes, and seeming to wound themselves with daggers, but it was "all nonsense."

Now, albeit Nana Narain was a strict Brahmin, and, as such, his criticism on devoteeism was valuable, yet I had seen men, Sanyassis, near Girnar, and in other of the jungles of Western India, leading the lives of anchorites, and certainly without other inducement than they derived from the approval of their consciences. I mentioned these, and Nana Narain allowed their existence. It was, he said, a part of Hindooism, and in old times was extensively practised, but not in these days; the examples were now very rare; and the imitations (part of modern corruption,) that were generally to be met with, deserved punishment, rather than encouragement, because it brought into ridicule that which was really, and originally, good. It seems, that in old times, when a man determined on a life of holiness, he was required to pass through four stages of initiation. At eight years of age, he was invested with the Brahminical cord, the first state; in the second, he studied the attributes of the deities, and that control of the universe their powers had created; in the third stage, he married, became a householder, studied the social virtues, and lived as a man of the world. In the fourth, the devotees became Sanyassi, "holy;"—they retired to the jungles, and devoted their lives to meditation; they were compelled to shave their heads, they were forbidden to live in houses; they dared neither to possess, nor to use money; silk, as an article of raiment, was forbidden them; and if wearing garments at all, such were directed to be of *fiac*, cotton being forbidden. It is right that a man should be educated, to become eventually a Sanyassi, and pass blameless through his stages of initiation; but occasionally, when the fear of death falls upon a rich man, he gives all his goods in charity, through the agency of Brahmins, and, with certain ceremonies, is made a Sanyassi, which of course is supposed to secure for him every description of blessing that the Hindoos believe can attend the transition states after death.

An instance of this kind occurred but a few months ago at Nassik: A man of enormous wealth, having eaten a great many water-melons, believed himself seized with spasmodic cholera, and at the point, as he thought, of finding himself either a dog or a rajah, as the case might be; and, being anxious to ensure the latter result, he called the Brahmins, and making over to the great temple the whole of his enormous wealth, the ceremonies were performed, and the dying man admitted to the benefits of Sanyassi-ship, as completely as if, instead of making and hoarding money all his life, he had, from the tender age of eight years, been employed in works of charity. Strange to say, however, notwithstanding that pots of milk had been placed about the room, grains of rice strown under the charpoy, strings of leaves placed over his head, and I do not know how many little images of Devi brought in and smeared with oil in the sick man's chamber, before he thought of becoming Sanyassi, and without any effect whatever, the moment his worldly goods were willed away to that great temple with the huge silver bells, by the side of the Holy Gunga, Nature began the work of a hakeem, and the man was cured! In four-and-twenty hours he was as well as the fattest Brahmin in Nassik; but he was a Sanyassi notwithstanding. He had not one pice in the world, wherewith to go forth and buy a handful of parched grain; nor dared he beg, for this also is forbidden; so, after some struggles, he took a staff and a platter, and went forth; what the liberal gave him, that he ate. He dared not return to his house, but lay on the road-side, and as he did so, perhaps, thanked Nature little enough for her interference; for to pass away under cholera into a condition of rajahship, must be pleasanter to the imagination than to endure the reality of a Sanyassi, *malgré lui*, after the manner of the victim at Nassik. How the Brahmins must have chuckled as they noted him with his staff and platter, day by day,—they passing by, in fine linen, to the great temple,—where they had divided the spoil!

Altogether, they are a dreadful set of people, the Brahmins of Nassik. The place itself is considered as the Benares of western India, and the people persist in calling the river Godavery the Gunga; and when full it is very beautiful in its several windings; and the temples that crowd its banks are handsome and picturesque; and the groups of pilgrims and devotees attract attention, who so zealously perform their ablutions in the sacred stream; while here and there we see the procession of a native prince, his elephants and horsemen, or a carrier of the sacred water, with his ves-

sels covered with crimson cloth and circled with silver bells ; or we have a string of bullocks laden with bags of human bones, to be deposited here by those who cannot afford a journey to Benares ; — and the scene is strange, and full of interest ; but, as we stand gazing thereon, and feeling that here, indeed, we are in the stronghold of the corruptest Brahminism, a priest from the great temple passes by ; — a troop of truculent-looking sepoys follow him, with swords, and cloths as shields wrapped round their left hands ; and the Brahmin himself, though he deigns not to lift his eyes, scowls horribly on the ground, and, at the moment that he passes, lifts his hand, and holds his left ear between his finger and thumb, to save him from the Evil Eye, as the shadow of a Feringee may chance to fall on him. Seeing this, the sepoys scowl also, and hold their ears, evidently longing, however, to use their swords instead ; and you feel it is so, and are relieved when they have passed. We are sure that Brahmin whom we have in our mind's eye, as we now write of his class, is at least a true disciple of the Dhurma Subbha ! — *he* will never yield to innovation ; — *he* will never spare a widow, nor save a Rajpoot girl, nor forbid an aged father to bury himself alive ! Not *he* ! — the Purans are all in all to him, and he will insist upon them to the last. The city swarms with missionaries, some able, all zealous, but they will do no good with him ! Bigotry and ignorance go hand in hand in this case : " 'tis not that the man is rich in argument, but that he is poor in knowledge ; " ignorant of every thing, he doubts nothing ; — he asks not of the truth that is in *him*, but his self-sufficiency convinces him that error is everywhere else ; and whether it be so or not, never gives his mind a moment's trouble on the matter, but rests as he is, satisfied with the blind homage of his hood-winked people.

It was on a fine July evening, while walking on the Valade, a good raised road which saves the "flats" of Bombay from the farther encroachments of the sea, and leads by ways of pleasantness to the pretty woods of Mahim, that I suddenly perceived one who has been rather lionized of late in Bombay, the Persian prince, Aga Mohamed, with his brother and some portion of his retinue. The prince was, as princes should be, of a rather portly presence, with beard and moustache equally luxuriant in growth, black and silk-like ; his costume consisted of a chintz body-coat girded with a cashmere cummerbund, red satin trousers, and one of the tallest lamb's-skin caps, probably, ever brought from Bokhara. His highness bestrode what seemed but a sorry nag, unless, indeed, like many such apparently

pitiable looking animals in the East, unseen qualities rendered him a very Bucephalus to the modern hero he had the honor to bear. However this may have been, the starved appearance of the nag was amply compensated by the pomp, pride, and circumstance that brought up the rear. There, at a foot's pace, advanced a bright yellow chariot, swinging backwards and forwards, as if it assented fully to all that was going on ; the horses were sleek, and yet they bit each other from time to time, shaking the chariot yet more into the affirmative, not from hunger, but for pastime ; while on the box sat one attired in gamboge colored silk, well contrasting with the crimson bag depending from his cap, who roared out verses from Hafiz for the recreation of his master, pausing at the conclusion of each stanza, and then, as if in a refrain, giving us the titles and dignities of the prince and the royal house of Persia.

This cortege was altogether *Persian*. And this expression is sufficient to convey to the minds of all acquainted with that country and its people, the extreme of absurdity, combined with the most preposterous effects of self-complacency and conceit. Mr. Morier knew the Persian character well ; and although English readers may fancy his sketches overdrawn, those acquainted with the East, acknowledge their admirable truth, and know how impossible it is for any writer to exaggerate the peculiar absurdity that results from the Persian *amour propre*. Aga Khan, however, though doubtless strongly resembling the rest of his countrymen, is a notable person, and some particulars in his history deserve remark. His family are of those who, as Kojas, pretend to the honor of direct descent from the prophet. Now, the king of Persia seems to have not been quite decided as to which party deserved his protection ; for, at one period, he persecuted these claimants to relationship with Mahomet, and afterwards seems to have thought them good, truth-telling, honorable men enough. Sectarian feeling was not, however, confined to the ruler, but the people of Kurnean in their zeal murdered the father of Aga Khan, and showed decided intentions of exterminating the family, on which the king called the young aga to court. Now, "hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you," in an eastern darbar, is an invitation often equivalent to the mandate of "come to the slaughter," as the beys found it, when bidden to the marriage by Mahomet Ali ; and Aga Khan, painfully conscious of this fact, very naturally and properly hesitated in accepting the invitation ; on which the king sent a *khelat*, his seal, as an assurance of protection, and a message explanatory of his ten-

ets; on receiving which, the aga stood on the edge of the royal carpet of promotion, and was elected Viceroy of Kerbela. After a while, "it came to pass" that Aga Mohamed found favor in the sight of the king, and he said, "Behold, I give you my daughter in marriage; I am an earthly sovereign, but I rejoice in giving my child to one who will find favor for her with the king of heaven."

The khan, thus honored, both in temporal and spiritual things, returned to his province; but disputes still arising, as the result of a kingdom being divided against itself, the khan with his followers, in considerable force, went to Caubul, and when the war broke out, did us good service. He then came to Sindh, purposing settlement there, under British protection; but on its appearing that the Sindhians also held opinions on doctrinal points of the Koran that might render disputes very common between their Syuds and the Koja settlers, Aga Khan was requested to disband his followers and establish himself at Calcutta. The city of palaces, however, had no charms for him, and the prince came to Bombay, hoping eventually to return to Persia, and now seeks that which he is unlikely to obtain; viz., a guarantee for protection from our government to the Persian court. His followers have returned to their lands, but the khan still enjoys a very tolerable provision from the devoted attachment of his sect.

Aga Khan affects some knowledge of the black arts, mutters incantations, casts nativities, pretends to second sight, and is strong in many forms of astrology and divination. He foretold, the people say, that the rain would fall this year, exactly at three o'clock by the cathedral church, on the 7th of June; and of course it did so. Then the governor was to pay him a visit of ceremony at the aga's house, in Rampart Row, and a large assembly were collected; but the aga at the time appointed came among them, in his ordinary dress, and said, "The Governor will not come: I have consulted the stars; they are unpropitious; he is ill;" and an hour after this, it is said, a trooper galloped up with an aid-de-camp's note to this purpose, and the people dispersed, every one to his house, pondering on the wisdom of the aga.

Ladies seldom accompany their husbands on journeys in the East, and the king's daughter remains at Kerbela; but, as the aga has fortunately found favor in the sight of two other wives who here bask in his smiles, his hearth is not rendered wholly desolate by the etiquette of society.

After passing the khan and his "chorus," we strolled on to a celebrated Mohammedan

tomb, erected on a pleasant breezy hillock overlooking the sea, and connected with a smaller one, which, when the tide is full, seems floating on the waves. Both these places are objects of pilgrimage, as much by the Hindoos as the Moslems, though the first have no excuse for making it so, but the love of holidays, of wearing fresh attire, chatting, walking, and placing the *Kushka* (mark on the forehead) more carefully than usual. The tomb at the end of the Valade looked like a bungalow, but on clambering over the rocks to gain it, we found that it had but two small doors, and those firmly closed, with not even a loop-hole whereby to satisfy curiosity; so that it might have been empty for what we knew, a mere falsehood of brick, and the Peer, headstone, coverlet and all, at Mecca, or Kerbela, or heaven knows where, among the thousand mausoleums that no doubt bear his name. It was a most unsatisfactory place altogether; and coming down, wondering at our own folly in having gone up, we met a fellow with a water-vessel on his head, and to try his faith in the unseen, we inquired "whose tomb that was?" on which he grinned from ear to ear, as if we had said a marvellous witty thing that pleased him, and then with little respect of persons roared out, as if training himself with pebbles in his mouth to be a second Demosthenes, "Peer Munjane, of course, and his sister lies there, buried in the sea."

On my return to the meer's in the evening, I found the servant of Abdullah, the Arab horse merchant, waiting to offer himself as a purchaser of my pony "Ubluck," (or the Piebald,) a strong serviceable native-bred animal, but lately displaying a will of his own, and carrying it out with some success. The creature ever reminded me of the reis, or captain of my boat, in going to Thebes, who ascended the river by a series of right angles, that he might dance, and sing, and pipe on a few inches of bulrush, at each village on either side; and when threatened with a Turkish governor's wrath, my dragoman remarked, "Oh! suppose we beat him thousand times; or, if you please, suppose we *hang* him, he never go straight." Of this character was the determined obstinacy of Ubluck; he did not, it is true, dance at villages, but he loved feasting at home, and would ever seek to return thither, after the first canter that he considered necessary to stimulate appetite, and that by the most ingenious devices. My groom had priced the creature at ten pounds; but, to my amusement, Abdullah's man proposed payment in kind, or that I should receive as an equivalent, one hundred rupees' worth of balzarine dresses, all of the same pat-

tern, that he had received from Calcutta, and now brought on the head of a coolie. The gross of green spectacles that so distressed the Primrose family was mere bagatelle to this; and the disappointment of the jockey *commis voyageur*, when he discovered how powerless was the effect of some thirty-five white balzarines with lilac stripes, was at its height when Govind Rao, my groom, confided to his ear both my refusal, and mirth at the proposition.

Meer Aebar left us to return to Baroda, he having command of a body of his highness the Guicowar's horse. I was sorry to lose his society, for he wiled away many evening hours with his descriptions of the court amusements at Baroda, the elephant and buffalo fights, the exhibitions of trained birds, the dramatic performances, and various recreations of a similar nature that the Guicowar delights in; for his highness is a very unenlightened personage, and between priests and players, prayers and puppets, birds and bigotry, passes his time. Meer Aebar had been a pleasant shopping companion also; he delighted in seeking for articles of all descriptions, from leaden pipes for his shower-bath, to artificial flowers for his wife; and he was a most shrewd man of business too, always amiable, always liberal, but with the most calculating head I ever knew. No native trader ever succeeded in winning Meer Aebar to pay as a prince for his possessions; whether it were a matter of pence or of laes, it would be the same thing; the meer paid the absolute and intrinsic value of all he purchased, and he would, if necessary, pass hours and days in deciding this. Every morning, when he returned from the fort, his carriage was laden with *bijouterie* and articles of fantasie of all kinds, French, Chinese, English, Persian, and these all were packed up in huge chests by Ramjeo, to prepare them for their introduction to the meer's harem at Baroda, where, in a few days, they were probably destroyed or rendered useless, by fair, but untutored hands.

The porch was crowded to witness the departure of the meer, and all the people raised their voices to repeat his titles and wish him abounding fortune. Among the servants, the gay little barber stood prominently forth; the meer had just placed largess in his hand, and the eyes of the happy Figaro moved, in rapid glances, from the meer to heaven, then to the five rupees, and then to the meer again;—he was intoxicated with gratitude, that little barber!

The meer thus drove forth, amid the shouts for good luck that rent the air, but the hakeem, old Budrodeen, still rolled his eyes rather impatiently at the late delay, for he had consulted his books, and had told the meer that

this day and this hour were propitious; wherefore good luck *must* follow. Everything seemed strangely quiet when the meer had gone. The moonshee took to his books, the delall to his slumbers, Hubbeeb the Beloved to oiling and dressing his moustache, and the young peon to sitting still and making hideous faces, as was his wont, while Ramjeo, divesting himself of his embroidered ankrika and gold and crimson turban, began to walk loiteringly about in damp places, occasionally experimentalizing on the perfume to be found in weeds, and mounted on a pair of wooden clogs, which, for appearance sake, were studded under the sole of the foot with the heads of large brass nails, so that peripatetics with him bore a strong affinity to a fakir's penance. However, what will not most of us suffer for fashion's sake? and it being the fashion to walk barefooted on the heads of nails, Ramjeo did so calmly.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

A FLOATING RAILROAD.—Our railways have been laid in cuttings and on embankments, through tunnels and over viaducts; and by the genius of a Stephenson they are actually being carried over arms of the sea, where ships in full sail can pass beneath them. While this daring work, however, can be effected where the width, as at the Menai Straits, is only some 500 feet, such great tidal estuaries as the Forth and Tay will not admit of it. As these Friths lie across the route of the great east coast line of railways which will shortly extend from London to Aberdeen, it became extremely desirable that some means should be devised by which those seas might be crossed without the troublesome necessity of passengers and goods changing carriages. A plan has, accordingly, been devised by carrying the trains bodily across the Tay at Broughty Ferry, where it is about a mile and a half broad. Mr. Robert Napier is at present building, in his yard at Govan, a floating railway for the Edinburgh and Northern Company. It is being built of iron, 180 feet in length and 35 in breadth. It is to have three lines of rails on deck, so as to enable it to take on a railway train of 500 feet in length, and is to be propelled by engines of 250-horse power. As the main line of railway on each side of the Tay is considerably above the level of the sea, stationary engines on either side of the Frith are to be employed to draw up or lower the trains. This railroad steam-boat is expected to be launched in a few weeks.—*Scotch Paper.*

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THE TRAVELS OF SHEIKH ZAIN EL ABIDIN.

Das Buch des Soudan, oder Reisen des Scheich Zain el Abidin Nigritien. Aus dem Türkischen übersetzt von Georg Rosen. Leipzig, 1848. (Travels of Sheikh Zain el Abidin in Nigritia. Translated from the Turkish.)

The work of a living Mohammedan writer, translated into one of the European languages, is a new and unexpected phenomenon. We are accustomed to look upon the literature of Mohammedanism as something extinct; wherever Islamism comes in contact with the more advanced civilization of Christianity, it is immediately overshadowed by the more vigorous growth of the latter, and ceases to put forth new shoots. But yet it occupies exactly the same relative position with regard to those nations who stand on a lower grade of civilization, and exhibits a vitality which is scarcely surpassed by the missionary efforts of Christianity. It is rapidly advancing towards the interior of Africa, that hitherto unattained goal of European curiosity, and carrying the first rudiments of civilization to populations which are sunk in Fetishism and idolatry, and thus preparing the way for the introduction, at some future period, of Christianity. The work before us furnishes a convincing proof of this, and supplies us with valuable information respecting regions which have but seldom been visited, and have never been thoroughly examined by European travellers. And who could be better qualified to furnish this information than one, to whom religion, habits, and knowledge of the sacred language give advantages, which no European can possess? We must not, however, raise our expectations too high; the author leaves altogether unnoticed the geographical, physical, and ethnographical questions of which he might have furnished the solution, and describes only what he saw and heard. He did not undertake his journey, like a Frankish adventurer, from love of science, nor to make proselytes to his religion, nor to seek a new location for a colony, but,—to learn the art of making gold. And he was successful, though in a different way from what he expected. He understood how to employ, at a usurious rate of interest, the little learning which he possessed, and returned with a rich treasure, in slaves and piastres, to his native town, where he wrote the account

of his adventures. The book was originally written in the Arabic language, but Mr. Rosen, who was unable to procure a copy of the original, has translated it from the Turkish.

Our traveller was born at Tunis; in what year he does not inform us. As a boy he studied the Koran, and subsequently became acquainted with several young men who were devoted to the study of Alchemy, the Cabalistic sciences, and treasure-seeking. "Through their conversation, the crucible of his reason was overflowed by the water-pot of his imagination; he took an interest in the pursuit, until he had expended upon it all the money of which he was master, when he discontinued the study, and applied himself to that of numbers, and the mysteries of nature." Finding that his own town did not supply sufficient nourishment to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, he set out for Cairo, which is the principal seat of Mohammedan learning, made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and then returned to Cairo, where he pursued his studies during a number of years. Here he received intelligence from various travellers, "which led him to believe that there were in Soudan masters of the secret art," and "set once more in motion the pinions of his hope." Accordingly, he quitted Cairo, and went to Sennaar, a district on the eastern branch of the Nile, where he travelled nine months. "Not far from the boundaries of the white and free men," the inhabitants of a town who professed Islamism begged him to give them instruction; but he ascertained "that he should not be able to inhale the least odor from the blossom of his wishes," and travelled to the Kordofan, on the western arm of the Nile. Here he met with another learned man, the Sheikh Ibrahim el Esardi, who had also come to that region for the purpose of acquiring the cabalistic science, and who had already lived there three years, and by him he was convinced that he must give up his purpose as unattainable. He therefore allowed himself to be persuaded by the king, who at the same time presented him with a beautiful female slave, and other marks of his favor, to devote himself to the business of instruction. But soon the army of the Viceroy of Egypt came and conquered the country, and compelled the inhabitants to deliver up a portion of their sons and daughters and profes-

sions, although they cried and lamented so loud, "that their howlings might have rent the curtains of the horizon." Our two sheikhs were permitted to go to Darfur, where they were well received by the king, who immediately assigned them a dwelling, and presented them with twenty Spanish dollars.

The naked black natives of Darfur, "an endless mass of negroes, inexhaustible as the "waves of the black sea," are described as "mere animals, wholly devoid of religious feelings or social wants." The learned men of the town, on the contrary, who, until that time, had studied only law and grammar, besought them to give instruction in other sciences, and treated them with the utmost reverence, rising when they both entered the mosque, and not seating themselves, until bid to do so. One of these learned men, with whom our author lodged, wished to give him his daughter as wife, in order to get rid of the trouble which was occasioned by her numerous lovers; for "a handsome maiden receives so many visits from her admirers, who, with or without her consent, gain admittance to the house, one through the door, and another over the wall, that her father can only escape the annoyance by either sending her out of the house, or leaving it himself." Our sheikh however declined the offered treasure, but consented to receive a pretty, well-oiled slave whom the king sent to him shortly afterwards. "Thus he occupied himself in the dissemination of learning," and at the same time, at the request of the king, gave some instruction to his Majesty's harem in the art of cookery. Upon the death of the slave, he began to long to return home; and although the king offered to give him another, and his scholars earnestly implored him to remain, he succeeded, by numerous excuses, "in extricating his body from the talons of their entreaties." But just as he was about to depart, the king died, and his successor demanded the restitution of the presents which had been made to him, and upon his remonstrating, confiscated all his property. He was therefore prevented from undertaking his homeward journey, but his friend Ibrahim made him a present of seven dollars, and advised him to go to the king of Wedai, who, he assured him, was a wise man, and would receive him with hospitality.

As Wedai is at a distance of a month's journey from Darfur, and no caravans pass between the two places, the sheikh was obliged to join companies of the country-people travelling from one village to another. No harm was ever done to him, but he suffered the greatest inconvenience from their childish curiosity; they would surround him for days together,

and gaze at him incessantly. During his inquiries into the manners and religion of the inhabitants, he discovered to his great surprise that the tribes are in the habit of making war upon each other, in order not only to sell their prisoners as slaves to the inhabitants of the towns and villages, but also occasionally for the purpose of eating them. But this happens only in war; a traveller is never injured. He soon had an opportunity of satisfying himself of the correctness of this information. He had halted one evening among a tribe of negroes, and made the acquaintance of several of the chiefs. "In the following night," he tells us, "a handsome boy of about twelve years of age came to me, carrying a wooden tray upon his head, in which lay a knife. He placed the tray upon the ground, and then remained standing still, with his eyes cast down. I asked him what he wanted, but we could not understand each other. On the next morning, one of the three chiefs with whom I had become acquainted told me, that he had sent the boy to me as a present that I might kill and eat him." It was in vain that the sheikh endeavored to persuade him to give up this custom; the chief answered: "How are we to revenge ourselves upon our enemies, if we do not eat them?"

After our traveller had passed some time at various places, he at last reached Wedai, "surrounded by smiling gardens, and emerald-green trees, with streams of water flowing through it, and with mosques whose lofty minarets are seen glittering in the sun-shine at a great distance." The inhabitants were very friendly; they did not go naked, but wore long shirts. They showed themselves to be very eager in the acquisition of knowledge, and appeared sincerely desirous to raise themselves in the scale of civilization. The cadi, an old man with a white beard and in a long white shirt with wide sleeves, and a turban, received him very kindly into his house, and after having questioned him on the subject of laws and duties, implored him to instruct his two sons in the sciences with which they were as yet unacquainted. He then led his guest to the king, who was seated upon a sofa, and who received him with much dignity, and made him give an account of Egypt, of which he had heard as the seat of the sciences, and of Tunis, of which he had never heard, and then dismissed him with a rich present of provisions, money, and "a female slave of a rosy (?) complexion, handsome figure, and well-painted eyes;" and in addition to all this, caused a house to be built for him, which was completed in four days. As often as the king rose from his sofa, an enormous quantity of

drums of every possible size, some of them so large that one man was unable to lift them, were beaten "in such a manner as to deprive one of hearing and seeing." The sheikh felt disposed to hint to the king that this eternal drumming was exceedingly unpleasant, but he remembered what a fondness all these nations have for that instrument, and prudently held his peace.

Not far from Wedai the sheikh had observed the very extensive ruins of an ancient city. With the assistance of a large number of men, placed at his disposal by the king, he now undertook to excavate these, and although he found no treasures, but only walls and stones, these sufficiently indicated that a mighty and civilized nation must once have dwelt there. Walls of a very regular architecture, buildings made of bricks and tiles, wells, marble sarcophagi, each of which contained an idol of stone in human form executed with extraordinary skill, and a copper plate with an inscription, a number of very elegant columns, two portals, and a great many stone figures, were brought to light by the exertions used during two weeks. The king, upon seeing these wonders, exclaimed: "Surely these are the works which the genii executed for Solomon, the son of David." The sheikh remarks, that "however much the inhabitants of Wedai excel those of Darfur in civilization, they are far from being capable of erecting such buildings;" and he came to the conclusion that this town must have flourished before the deluge, and afterwards have been destroyed by the wild negro tribes. "God, however, knows best."

The sheikh was rewarded by large presents of slaves, and made an excursion into the

mountains where these are kept, in order to learn their customs and religion. An expedition which the king annually made into the territory of his neighbors, in order to obtain plunder and slaves, gave the sheikh an opportunity of explaining the advantages of fire-arms, which were as yet unknown; and he induced the king to send one of the eadi's sons to Tripolis, with a large number of slaves, in order to fetch a supply of muskets and ammunition. Before the expiration of a year, the young man returned with four camel-loads of gunpowder, a hundred muskets, and other valuable articles. The king heard with astonishment the description of the sea, the ships, the cannons, and the mode of life of those northern nations, and resolved to make his brother his viceroy for a time, in order that he might, with his own eyes, contemplate these wonders.

But his wishes were not fulfilled. When the sheikh had been three years in Wedai, the good king fell sick, and died in a few days, deeply lamented by his subjects. He was succeeded by his brother, who deposed the eadi, and deprived the sheikh of his salary. The latter collected, therefore, the riches and numerous slaves which he had received from his patron, and joined a caravan which was on its way to Fez. As he left the town, "the whole population, with his scholars, came out to bid him farewell, so that the crowd was as great as when the king took the field against the wild negro tribes." From Fez he travelled to Tunis, where he sold his male and female slaves. The money which he received for them, and the gold-dust which he had brought with him, made him a rich man.—*Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.*

NOTES ON MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

A second "New World" is fast arising in importance—the British plantations in Australia; whose early story is adorned by no romantic adventures like those of a Raleigh, nor dignified by the pious patriotism of another race of Pilgrim Fathers, but which were simply discovered seventy years ago by stout old Captain Cook, of the Royal Navy, and were until very recently stigmatized as "Botany Bay." Yet they now occupy no mean position in the politics and commerce of the mother country. I am, therefore, led to think that a few pages of the *New Monthly*, devoted

to some account of those settlements, may find favor and acceptance. It must be understood that I propose, not to impose upon my readers one of those very useful narrations, by which the trade, the population, and the morals of British Colonies are arithmetically developed, to the complete satisfaction of the commercial or religious statist; nor do I aim at the historical or the geographical, the botanical or the geological; but leaving those severer topics to other pens, be it mine to offer the mere impressions of the tourist on men and manners, and only so much of external nature as may form

the scene whereon they are to be exhibited. Briefly, I would endeavor to show *what sort of places those Australian Colonies are.*

And yet I must crave indulgence for one preliminary flourish! I must take the liberty to say that the rising condition of the Australian Colonies should be a subject of high interest to every reflecting Englishman. To see the foundation of one nation more of his countrymen laid in the remotest quarter of the globe—the Terra Incognita of our grandfathers, where, but scarcely sixty years ago, the only inhabitants were a few thinly-scattered tribes of savages, whose condition almost sanctioned the philosophy of the *connecting link* between man and brute; to see, in such a quarter, the literature, the arts, the religion, the love of rational liberty of the English nation, taking vital root, and thus spreading to the uttermost parts of the earth the name and fame of that insular people, should be an animating contemplation to every Englishman not insensible to patriotic emotions, or not indifferent to the future happiness and welfare of the human race.

It is in the populous and handsome town of Sydney, which, from the convict encampment of 1788, the capital of Australia has now become, that the stranger is most struck with wonder at the rapidity with which the Australian settlements have reached their present advanced condition. Harbors thronged with shipping from England, India, the islands of the Pacific, and North and South America, indicate a large amount of external traffic; while numerous coasters and steam-vessels bespeak the extent to which trade and personal intercourse are carried on between Sydney and other colonial ports.

In the town itself, notwithstanding that the larger portion of the existing edifices have, as I understand, been built within the last eighteen years, there is little to strike the spectator with the extreme *modernness* of the world around him. Long lines of well-built private residences; numerous and elegantly fitted-up shops—resplendent at night with plate-glass and gas; extensive warehouses and commodious wharves; cathedrals, churches, chapels, and meeting-houses; club-houses and theatres; busy crowds in the streets, and carriages and vehicles of all descriptions, give to this metropolis of the south all the appearance of a town of centuries.

The harbor of Port Jackson, on the southern shore of which the capital of New South Wales is situated, is one of the finest in the world. It is not the embouchure of any thing worthy the name of a river, but is a large inlet of the sea. It has a bold entrance between lofty cliffs of freestone, of about a mile in

width; and once in, and turning to your left, you suddenly find yourself, from the heaving swell of the Pacific, in one of the most perfectly land-locked harbors that can be conceived. It extends about twenty miles inland, and for some fourteen miles (not pretending to speak with the accuracy of a hydrographer) there is anchorage for vessels of considerable burthen. It branches off, right and left, through nearly its whole length, into a succession of coves or natural docks, affording accommodation for shipping, unequalled in any other harbor not improved by artificial means. From the indentations in the land formed by these coves, and the numerous handsome country mansions which are now seen on the more moderately elevated hills around, the scenery of Port Jackson is rendered highly picturesque. It is scenery of its own kind, however. The land all around rises into rocky eminences of considerable elevation, which, even so near to the capital, have forbidden very extensive cultivation or "clearing;" and you thus see handsome modern edifices immediately surrounded with a few acres of plantation or garden ground, but otherwise in the midst of the primeval "bush" of the country.

It is on four of the promontories abutting into the main harbor, and forming the sides of different coves—"Sydney Cove" being one—that a great portion of the town and suburbs may be said to stand. The most thickly populated parts are west and south of Sydney Cove; spreading thence into the main land. As the town extends into suburbs, it becomes straggling, and begins to assume more of the characteristics of a *new place*.

Under the head of Public Buildings, we may note that Sydney has five churches belonging to the Church of England, two of them very fine edifices; a couple of spacious Presbyterian churches; and several large Wesleyan chapels, including a stupendous fabric with a Greek portico, raised in commemoration of the recent Wesleyan Centenary. There are also several Protestant dissenting places of worship, one very elegant building, belonging to the Congregationalists, being capable of accommodating 1500 people; while the Catholics have a large and somewhat imposing Gothic cathedral, with *campanile* detached, and a large group of collegiate buildings contiguous—all thrown together with an evident design to give a Catholic and mediæval air to the ensemble. The Catholics have another large church just completed, in a more florid style of Gothic architecture. I should mention that there is an incomplete English cathedral, which promises, some day or other, to be a very fine structure. There is a large court-house, and

a criminal sessions-house; barracks (old and new) extensive enough for several thousands of men; a large "Government House," a handsome castellated pile of buildings, recently constructed; and various other public edifices, belonging either to the Government or societies, but which do not claim particular notice. Sydney is built over a great bed of free-stone, which has afforded excellent building material; and, both the public and private buildings being chiefly constructed of it, constitutes one of the features of the town.

These things premised, with a population of nearly 50,000, and the reader has some data out of which his fancy may construct the existing city of Sydney, New South Wales.

And a busy, bustling, debating, gossiping, go-a-head city it is. I think (when, after being a year or two away, one can better appreciate the general effect which, in a social point of view, the place leaves on the mind) I may safely depose to Sydney being the most self-satisfied town in her Majesty's dominions! I am persuaded it conceives that the eyes of all Europe are constantly occupied with its concerns. This leaves plenty to admire,—much to be extolled; and perhaps this very inflation may be diagnostic of its meritorious qualities;—but so the fact is.

In approaching Sydney, which is seven or eight miles from "the Heads," and sailing up the broad harbor, the chances are, if the day is fine, that you meet fleets of pleasure boats, for the Sydney gentry are much given to aquatics, led thereto by the beauty of the harbor and the genial climate. The anniversary of the foundation of the colony is always kept as a great fête, and for many years the Sydney "Regatta" has formed the most prominent of the festive ceremonies of the day. Then there is a great turn out of small craft, some of which approach the dignity of yachts, and the whole place is seized with a nautical fever. Loud and confident are the predictions that New South Wales will hereafter be a maritime power, and that her sons will make a gallant race of seamen.

Nearing the town, you see the turrets of Government House on one side of Sydney Cove, and lofty stone buildings rising step by step over each other on the opposite side, all reflected with a cloudless blue sky in the still water of the cove. Then you will, likely, see two gallant frigates reposing after the buffeting and wear and tear of a long sea voyage; one shall be English, the other French; for the French, for some wise purpose of their own, have for years had a fancy for keeping a greatly disproportionate naval force in these seas, which we all know they can ill afford. That

large 1000 ton ship is just bound for New Zealand, chartered to convey there a regiment of soldiers to fight against the Maories, for we have our expensive hobbies as well as the French.

Within the last few years New South Wales has had its representative assembly—called here the "Legislative Council," whereas that designation, in other colonies furnished with representative legislatures, has been allotted to the *Upper Chamber*. But in New South Wales, our Solons of Downing Street determined that their first constitutional experiment should consist of but a single chamber—a house of peers and a house of commons rolled into one. The rumor, however, goes, that all this is to be changed next year, and the plan of two chambers reverted to.

But this free legislature has given a great character to Sydney. It has now its regular legislative season, when members come to town, and the newspapers are filled with debates, and the accidents are postponed until after the prorogation. Let us enter the chamber. Here we have a goodly room—say eighty feet by thirty—a miniature house of commons. There are the members' seats on either side, a table along the centre, the speaker's chair in its due place, and on one side, becomingly elevated and decorated, the viceregal throne. The exact position of this latter commodity was matter of grave deliberation. It was thought not proper that his excellency should intrude upon Mr. Speaker's exclusive domain, and yet he must be the chief personage present when addressing the conscript fathers of Australia. After much subtle disquisition on the subject, the arrangement I have mentioned was carried into effect, and no abatement of dignity considered to be experienced in any quarter. Then there is the Reporters' gallery, behind the chair, in which you see the gentlemen of the press, and the strangers' gallery at the opposite end, all according to precedent.

The "house" took to business very kindly. Its members displayed uncommon diligence in their new functions; and, it must be owned, very considerable ability too. According to temperament or interest, they divided, some on the ministerial, some on the opposition side of the house. The government members spoke with customary caution—the opposition, less responsible, giving a fuller swing to their patriotism. I was amused, happening to be present a few days after the new legislature had been first started, at the rather evident effort to use parliamentary phraseology *without* effort, as though it should seem they had been accustomed to it all their lives.

Sydney was also made into a corporate town five or six years ago; and now glories in the true old English "Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council." I believe the institution has not quite answered expectation; the day being perhaps gone for such a cumbersome machinery to be now for the first time called into existence. It has served the purpose, however, for good or evil, of creating a class of civic dignitaries, the Sydney tradesmen being in nowise indisposed to the style of aldermen. The right worshipful the Mayor, indeed, besides a certain place and precedence given to him on all public occasions, has assumed a sky blue gown, lined with ermine; so the Mayor is a very considerable personage. The aldermen are merely distinguishable by "peculiar coats"—not unlike those described as decorating the persons of members of the Pickwick Club. But why note these trifles? They are an index of one great peculiarity in the colonies—the avidity with which any extra-personal distinction is grasped at; a point I doubt not I shall have occasion to revert to.

Let us take a turn into the Court House. It is the first day of Term. There is a full muster of gentlemen of the bar, all wigged and gowned. In come the three judges, in full judicial costume—the bar rise, the judges bow, and there is the Supreme Court in banco. And there, I promise you, you shall hear as clever mystification, I had almost said, as in Westminster Hall.

The "domain" is the Hyde Park of Sydney. It is a very beautifully laid out place, occupying a promontory which runs into Port Jackson, and some considerable ground behind. Here play the regimental bands, and the fashion of Sydney exhibits itself. A goodly number of equipages are seen; and this reminds me that *flunkeyism* flourishes more in Sydney than in any colonial town of her Majesty's dominions. I remember a shrewd tradesman advertising that he had imported buttons, bearing the crests of "all the first families in the colony. That tailor was a man of observation, and I can fancy his speculation a profitable one.

The horse-soldiers you see about, in light-dragoon uniform, are the "Mounted Police," a well-disciplined, good-looking set of fellows, taken from the troops of the line; and who, in Sydney, bear the same relation to the rest of society, which, in London, is so creditably occupied by her Majesty's Life-Guards; that is to say, they furnish escorts to his excellency the Governor, and gallants to the Sydney nursery-maids. When in the up-country, they doff their gay uniforms, and are rough, bold

bushmen, famed for their daring encounters with the Bushrangers.

To a stranger, Sydney might seem to be a Catholic town. The Catholic places of worship are by far the most imposing in appearance in the place. The cathedral of Saint Mary's has a fine chime of bells, and the occasions for ringing them appear to be of frequent occurrence: at all events, they are rung very frequently, day and night. Then you see Catholic ecclesiastics a good deal about town, in appropriate *tenue de ville*; and, about the cathedral, you see them in regular seminary costume, looking mysteriously Catholic and theological. Then you have processional ceremonies, in the open street. I saw the archbishop—"his Grace," as he is jealously called by the faithful—proceeding to embark upon some mission to the Holy See. All the Catholic clergy of the colony, of all orders, seemed to have gathered for the occasion, and a body of laymen, who, I think, called themselves "the holy guild of St. Mary's," with crosses, and wands, and sashes, followed in the long train. And here I must obtrude a remark—all these priests were burly, black-haired, black-bearded men. Now what I desire to observe is, that I do not remember, in the many Catholic countries I have happened to sojourn in, to have seen a single priest, whose full, round, shaven chin, was not of the dark blue which indicates the black beard. This may be all accidental in my case; but a priest with red hair, for example (though such may no doubt exist), would almost appear a monstrosity in my eyes.

There has been declared war between the English bishop and the Catholic hierarchy. The latter—in the state of the colonial law having no fears of pains and penalties before him—assumed as "of Sydney" for his territorial style; whereupon the English prelate made public protest against the Romanist usurpation.

In the Church of England the colony has had the same Puseyite controversy as the mother country—the same scandals of the offertory and the preaching in surplices. The Church of Scotland, again, has had its "Free Church" secession; and the consequent controversy has settled into a standing one. Indeed, the remark may be made, that in the colonies we have regularly reproduced all the vexed questions of Church and State which embitter or benefit society at home. There are your Tories, your Whigs, and your Radicals; your men of the people and your contemptners of popularity: your advocates of sectarian and of "national" education; all as in England.

Nor do the working people fail to import with them the habits of that section of modern England. They have their Mechanics' Institutes, where they are lectured in what they consider "the principles" of chemistry, poetry, taste, and mechanics. And they have their trade unions, for the purpose of protecting themselves against low wages; though there, any more than in England, they have not detected the method of forcing people to buy their productions at higher prices than they are disposed to give for them.

Sydney has two theatres, but one only (the larger of the two) constantly in operation. It is about the size of the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, and is tastefully enough decorated. Except upon particular occasions it is not a place of fashionable resort, but it is much in favor with the larkish "native lads," the younger squatters on their occasional trips to town, the "gents" of Sydney, and the sailors from the shipping in port. The acting is really very creditable, considering that, having to play so constantly to the same audience, there is a necessity for the production of perpetual "novelties." Every description of piece is attempted—grand operas, melo-drama, the legitimate, farce, and pantomime.

In an antipodean city you will be struck with the stands of cabs which you will see in several directions; and the colonial cabman you will find true to the traditions of his caste—incomparable in the expertness of his abuse,

yet he may be bribed into the promptest assumption of civility.

Omnibuses have also been started, and you feel yourself mesmerised with the conductor's "passes" as you walk along, though your eyes are studiously turned in another direction.

The fair sex are remarkable for their dressiness—truth constrains the admission, their over-dressiness; in this respect having something of the New York ladies' love of display. The fashions, are, of course, English; and very studiously taken from the latest *Belle Assemblée*. The men more commonly affect the "varmint" in style. Tweed shooting coats and strutting jackets are the prevailing taste. The young men you meet, with Tam o'Shanter hats, moustaches, and beards, will probably be squatters. You may note in them a sort of fashionable ruffianism—a graft of the Nomade Tartar on the "young man about town." But, be it observed, they are, as a class, to my certain knowledge, a very excellent set of fellows. Their line of life has, like most others, its solacing vanities; but they have enterprise and hardihood, are useful men of their generation, and, in the combination of causes leading to the great effect of Australian advancement, we may perhaps point to the squatter as, singly, the most efficient of all. We must hereafter become better acquainted with these fellows on their own ground.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

AUNT BRIDGET'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause, complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet."—*Miss. E. B. Barrett.*

"That is so like you, Charles," said Mrs. Montague impatiently, in answer to some request of her husband; "you never do think of anything until it is too late!"

"But it is not too late now, my dear; the carriage has only this moment come round, and you will have plenty of time while the servants are putting in the luggage."

"Just as if I could trust them to put it in without looking after them. The very last time, if you remember, the thing of most importance was forgotten, and left behind, owing to their carelessness."

Mr. Montague, seeing that it was hopeless to argue the matter, sat down to his desk without reply, while his wife went to superintend the arrangement of those numerous packages—*encumbrances* we have heard them called—which some ladies think it impossible to travel without. By the time that everything had been completed to her satisfaction, there really was not a moment to spare.

"You will be sure to come down on Saturday, Charles," said Mrs. Montague, as she went back to exchange a hasty and affectionate kiss with her husband.

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"I shall long for Saturday!" continued his wife, still lingering; "and when we are in the country, I shall have time to do everything you wish me."

Mr. Montague looked up and smiled; and kissing him again, she hurried away, with the tears in her eyes.

It was a beautiful day; but the heart makes its own sunshine, and it is certain that Mrs. Montague did not enjoy her long and pleasant drive quite as well as she would have done had she found time to comply with her husband's request before starting. Not but she laughed and talked a great deal to her aunt, who accompanied her, and whose guest she was about to become for the next few weeks, declaring that the only fault Charles had was his provoking habit of procrastination, and that she would give anything to be able to break him of it.

"We have all our faults," said Aunt Bridget, "and must bear with one another."

"Yes, to be sure; but still it is very annoying sometimes."

Aunt Bridget did not reply; she seldom said much; and after a late dinner, both were glad to retire to their own apartment.

Mrs. Montague awoke on the following morning with a happy forgetfulness of everything save the enjoyment of the present moment; and as she looked out into the green, sunny fields, and listened to the singing of the birds, her heart was filled with love and gratitude towards the Creator of so beautiful a world. The day was passed in walking, driving, and paying visits; and as Aunt Bridget had almost as many friends among the poor as she had among the rich, Mrs. Montague saw and heard much that was new to her. She was particularly interested about one young woman whom they visited, and whom Aunt Bridget introduced as Mrs. Chambers, although she herself called her Mary, speaking to her with affectionate kindness and consideration. Her slight, girlish figure, and youthful appearance, contrasted strangely with the pale, sorrow-stricken countenance, and the long, clustering hair, that had grown gray in a single night, while her smile was sad to look upon.

"Poor thing!" said Aunt Bridget, as they left the house; "I do not think that she is long for this world. God is very good."

"Although so young, she appears to have suffered much," observed Mrs. Montague.

"Yes, indeed; her history is a very sad one. Some day, if you like, I will tell it to you."

"I should like to hear it very much, for I shall not soon forget her pale, sorrowful face."

That evening Mrs. Montague reminded Aunt Bridget of her promise.

"To-morrow," said she, "Charles will be here, and there will be no time for anything. Besides, we are so quiet and comfortable now, with the flowers smelling so sweetly, and the daylight fading away—just the very time for a melancholy story."

"And yet no story either," added Aunt Bridget, sadly, "as poor Mary daily testifies by her tears and prayers."

"Forgive me, dear Aunt," said Mrs. Montague.

Aunt Bridget kissed the fair young face uplifted so pleadingly to hers, and began as follows:—

"Mary was born in the house where you saw her to-day. She was an only child; and her little property and great beauty—although no one would believe the latter to look upon her now—caused her to be much sought after. To use a worldly phrase, she might have married well; but Mary thought—and who shall blame her?—that to marry him she loved was better still. Maurice Chambers was a clerk in one of the large banking-houses of London; and it was during a holiday-visit which he paid to some friends in the neighborhood, that Mary and he first met. His honest, straight-forward conduct and cheerful disposition won all hearts; and the only objection which her parents made to their engagement, was the very natural fear which they felt, lest Mary's health, which was but delicate, should suffer from the change and confinement of a residence in London. After a time, however, this was obviated, by Maurice writing to say that he had heard of a very cheap house within half-an-hour's distance of London, by railway, and which he proposed taking, as the expense was inconsiderable, and the journey backwards and forwards would do him good. This was about Christmas. The following spring he came down again, and they were married; Mary leaving her native place amid the prayers and good wishes of all who knew her. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked on the day of the wedding, and how proud Maurice Chambers seemed to be of her. They were certainly very happy. Her father and mother promised to come down and see them before many months had passed, if they were spared, for they were getting aged, and somewhat feeble; but there was no foreboding fear in their hearts about that young and loving couple, standing, as it were, on the very threshold of life and happiness.

"I had a long conversation with Mary the day before she left, during which she entered largely into all her future plans. She had no foolish and romantic dreams about 'love in a

cottage.' She knew that she had, of her own free will, married, comparatively speaking, a poor man, and was prepared for the consequences; nay, she longed to begin what seemed to her a labor of love: to be the active and presiding spirit of her new home. She felt her responsibilities, and affection turned them into privileges. After all, it is a privilege to be permitted to minister to the beloved one, even by the means of the commonest household duties."

Aunt Bridget spoke earnestly; and Mrs. Montague, although she forbore to interrupt her, could not help thinking what a pity it was that she should never have been married herself, and wondering what could have been the cause, for she was right in imagining that there had been some cause. The annals of old maidenism are, for the most part, full of sad and tearful revealings, but bound in so quaint a fashion that few care to look into them. Aunt Bridget continued thus—

"Nothing could be prettier than Mary's new home. It seemed almost like magic for Maurice Chambers to step out of his dark counting-house, in the very heart of the crowded city, and find himself, in little more than half-an-hour afterwards, standing before his own rose-covered dwelling, surrounded by the green, quiet fields. And magic it certainly was—natural magic—and the name of the enchanter—STEAM! Sometimes Mary came the short distance to the railway station to meet him; and if not, she was sure to be watching for him at the garden-gate; and no one would have thought, to look at her then, with her smooth, shining hair nicely arranged, and neat, and even tasteful dress, how busy she had been all day in those household arrangements which are so seldom noticed, and yet so sadly missed. In the evening both worked together in their little garden. Not that Maurice was particularly fond of flowers, but Mary thought that the fresh air would do him good after sitting all day; and so it did. And then she liked to have him with her. It was astonishing how soon he began to take an interest in his new pursuits; and yet not astonishing either, since it was only natural to love what she loved.

"Time fled away, as it always does when we are happy. Mary was busier than ever, preparing for the long-promised visit of her dear parents; while Maurice entered cheerfully into all her plans for their amusement and gratification. As he said, he could never do enough for them, in return for the treasure which they had bestowed upon him; and then he would kiss his little wife, and tell her how he often sat and wondered, when alone, what he could possibly have done to deserve

so much happiness, and how grateful he felt to Heaven at those times; while Mary confessed to the same feelings, with mingled smiles and tears.

"It was the day before their arrival; and Mary was busily engaged in alternately superintending and assisting the labors of the girl whom she had thought it best to hire for the next few weeks, when she was interrupted by the cheerful voice of her husband, calling her to come up to him for a few moments.

"What do you want?" asked Mary.

"You."

"But I am so busy just now."

"I will not detain you an instant, Mary."

"And I have not an instant to spare," replied his wife.

"But he still lingered.

"What do you want?" repeated she, impatiently.

"I have a hole in my glove."

"Then put on another pair."

"I want you to gather me a rose, Mary, dear."

"Mary could not help smiling, but she did not stir.

"Wait until the evening, and you shall have as many as you please. Only go away now, and do not tease me. Besides, you will be too late for the train."

"No, I have just three minutes."

"It's more than I have," replied his young wife, as she quietly pursued her employment, while Maurice continued to walk to and fro over head; and presently she heard him singing to himself an old familiar air, of which he was very fond.

"Poor Maurice!" thought she, "how good and patient he is! it is almost impossible to put him out of temper. I must leave off for a moment, and see what he wants with me."

"Just as Mary reached the top of the stairs, the street-door shut; and looking out of the window, she saw him walking quickly away, for he was late. Mary stood to watch him out of sight, and then returned to her employment. Long before evening, every little arrangement had been completed, and all made ready for the reception of her anxiously-expected visitors, who were to arrive early on the following day. Busy as she had been, Maurice was neither neglected nor forgotten. She found time to prepare some of her favorite preserves with her own hands, beside which she placed a vase of freshly-gathered roses; while some hot tea-cakes, of which he was very fond and which Mary rather prided herself upon her skill in making, only awaited his arrival, in order to surprise him with their appearance. He was, however, later than usual on that particular

night, and Mary began to grow anxious, but only for her tea-cakes, lest they should be spoiled. After walking several times somewhat impatiently up and down the room, she went out, and leaning on the garden-gate, stood watching for his coming. It was a still, summer evening; not even a leaf seemed to stir; and the singing of the birds, and the far-off voices of children at play, alone broke the silence of the hour.

"Poor Maurice, he will be so tired!" thought the young wife, as she strained her eyes to gaze down the long, dusty road, and then ran into the house to see that the cakes were not burning. "Poor dear Maurice, how hard he works for me!"

"When Mary returned, she saw several people coming up the road; and her quick glance having ascertained that Maurice was not among them, she drew back until they had passed. Instead of passing, however, they stopped opposite the gate, and the foremost laid his hand upon the latch, and opened it; but seeing Mary, he started, and hesitated.

"I think you have made some mistake," said she.

"I am afraid not. It was Mrs. Chambers whom I wanted."

"I am Mrs. Chambers. But what has happened? What are those men carrying? Why do they bring it here? Where is Maurice? My husband! God help me!" exclaimed the wretched woman, as she read his fate upon the pale countenances of those silent and horror-stricken men, who were bearing back his shattered remains to his desolate home. There had been an accident on the railway, and Maurice was one of the victims who perished by it."

"How terrible!" interrupted Mrs. Montague, shuddering, and hiding her face in Aunt Bridget's lap.

"Yes, it was very terrible; even those strong men could not help weeping at the sight of poor Mary's agony and despair. The following day her parents arrived; it was mercifully ordered that they should have come just then. For many weeks she was insensible to all around her; and upon her recovering sufficiently to be moved with safety, it was thought best to bring her back to her native place, where she has since remained, looking, as you saw her this morning, more like a spirit than a living and breathing woman, but meek and resigned to the will of God. In all probability her earthly pilgrimage will soon be ended; and none, who know her sufferings and her faith, can help rejoicing with her in her slow but sure approach towards that land where there is no more sorrow or sighing, and

God himself will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Aunt Bridget ceased to speak, and a long silence ensued.

"Poor Mary," said Mrs. Montague, at length, "how sorry she must have been that she did not go to her husband when he wanted her on that *last morning*!"

"Yes, it was an old story — '*Love too busy for love*!'"

"I wish now that I had done what Charles wanted me," continued her companion, thoughtfully. "Anyhow, I am glad that I went back and kissed him, and made him smile upon me. May heaven watch over my dearest husband, and make me more careful in future."

"Amen!" added Aunt Bridget, solemnly.

Mrs. Montague did not say any more, but she thought a great deal, and was the better and wiser for those thoughts as long as she lived. Truly it is a solemn thing to part from the beloved, in this world of trials and troubles and sudden death, even for a single day; and we should be very careful in what spirit we separate one from another, that we may have nothing to reproach ourselves with, should it be God's will that we never meet again.

Mrs. Montague was restless and uneasy until her husband arrived; and then how grateful she felt as she flung herself into his arms, with a heart full of good resolutions for the future, and thankfulness to God for having given her a *future* in the which to atone and amend all that was past.

"You are not well, dearest," said Mr. Montague, anxiously.

"Yes, quite well. But I am glad you are come, Charles; I had begun to fear that something had happened."

"What should happen, little coward?" replied her husband, laughing, and kissing her affectionately.

Mrs. Montague rested her head upon his shoulder, and smiled also; but she never afterward forgot Aunt Bridget's story, or the lesson which it had taught her.—*Belle Assemblée*.

—
LOCOMOTIVE STEAM CARRIAGE COMPANY.—
A new company, under this title, is in the course of formation, for the conveyance of passengers and parcels on common roads by steam. The carriage proposed to be adopted is that of Sir. C. J. Anderson.—*Post*.

—
La Démocratie Pacifique says, that Lamartine's "Meditations," and some of his other works, have been translated into Chinese by order of the Emperor.

LOVE AND MESMERISM: SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THE
COUNTESS OF ROSENTHAL.

The gilded spires of Venice had long faded in the distance—the blue lagunes, the splendid palazzas of that city, rising with her tiara of proud towers, still lingered in glorious beauty upon the eye of memory, though the fair original lay leagues behind me, as I wended my weary way towards my native land. Many years had rolled over since I had last seen it. I had long been a wanderer in strange countries, but beneath the cloudless, sunny skies of the sweet south I had not forgotten the land of my birth; as I passed the river and approached the frontiers, and the dark mighty mountains rose before me, looming in the distance, I felt all that inexpressible delight, known only to him who, after years of absence, returns to his home again. And yet in the country I was leaving behind me, had been spent the happiest hours of my short life. I had gone to Italy in order to perfect myself in painting and sculpture, but the temptations so incident to youth in that delightful country had naturally impeded my progress. As I ceased to be industrious I had become enervated by idleness, and the not very agreeable reflection now arose in my mind, that I knew rather less about my art than when I had departed from home. Occupied in the perilous pursuit of pleasure, I had begun to despise my profession. The pains required for mastering the minute details of art seemed intolerable drudgery to me, and at last I began to think that I had not sufficient power through the medium of the pencil and the chisel to shape into existence those bright and beautiful images of which I had dreamed. What would I not have given to be able to recall the departed past. I thought of the time I had wasted, and the opportunities I had neglected, and I now wished that the years I had spent in Italy had been less agreeable and more profitable. Tortured by reflections such as these I wandered on. The rainy weather, which had lasted for some days, adding materially to the discomfort of my journey, a voice seemed sounding in my ears the word “return,” and yet an irresistible impulse was urging me forward. I became at length so miserable that I often wished for death. A fresh torrent of rain impelled me to seek shelter under a tree, where, having seated myself on a fragment of rock, I mused long and sadly over the broken hopes and futile strivings of my past life. Before me lay the desolate region

of a vast mountain solitude, disturbed only by the noise of an angry torrent, whose dark waters were swollen by the incessant rain. I looked down into the eddying pools of that sweeping river, and the dark thought crossed my mind that in their depths my sorrows might have rest; then I was suddenly seized by a vague and unaccountable terror of death, and, afraid to trust myself further, I sprang up, and fled as if from my own thoughts.

After travelling for many weary leagues, I arrived at length at a large solitary house, situated at no great distance from the town of Ancona. The combined effects of darkness, rain, and fatigue, induced me to pause beneath the ample doorway which invited the traveller's approach. As I entered, a shiver ran through my frame, and again I was seized with the same vague and unaccountable apprehension which I had experienced when seated on the moss-covered rock, beneath the lonely tree, and beside the sweeping river.

As soon as the genial glow from the warm room of the inn breathed upon me, I immediately recovered, and felt myself better than I had been for several days. I received a cordial welcome, and throwing my knapsack upon a table, was shown into an adjoining apartment, where I could divest myself of the clothes which were thoroughly soaked by the rain. While I was undressing myself I heard a noise of footsteps running rapidly up and down the stairs, and a voice eagerly inquiring if I had come on foot with a knapsack, and if I was about to remain in the house all night. Returning to the “salle” I felt at a glance that I had attracted the observation of the whole company. I could no longer control my curiosity as to the reason I had been so particularly inquired after, and at length asked if there were any other strangers in the house. The answer was in the affirmative, for it had so happened that a large party had arrived in the course of the evening, detained partly by the inclemency of the weather, and by the illness of a young lady who belonged to it.

This party consisted of a noble family of four persons, an old gentleman, a young lady of exceeding beauty, an old lady, who was supposed to be the mother of the younger one, a doctor, two servants, and two ladies' maids. At the same time, I was informed that both the old gentleman and the doctor, witnessing my arrival, had made particular inquiries about me

in the public room. The landlord assured me that they were particular friends, and I was desired to go up to their room. I shook my head, convinced they must be wrong, as I could recollect no friend of such consequence in the whole world.

An old servant of the party shortly afterwards entered the room, where in broken Italian he asked for some wine. I addressed him in German, and he seemed rejoiced once more to hear the accents of his mother tongue.

"His master," he said, "was a certain Graf von Rosenthal, who was on his way to Italy with his family, in order to procure for his daughter the benefit of a change of air." In proportion as he drank, he became more communicative. I informed him that I was on my return to Germany, and the tears stood in his eyes, as he exclaimed with much solemnity, "Oh! that I could only return with you. I cannot," he continued, "endure it any longer; I believe there is a curse hanging over my master's family. I can get no one to trust in—few would believe me."

By the time we had cracked our third bottle, Heinrich, for such I found was the old man's name, became more confidential.

"Countryman!" said he, in a solemn tone, and casting an anxious glance round the whole room, in which, the company having departed, none save ourselves remained, and we sat alone by the side of a dim wood fire, whose flames fell fitfully upon the silent wall, "I cannot be blind. In the midst of the blessings of wealth and plenty, the old evil spirit is doing his work, the curse has come to roost, God help us! The Graf, my master, is as rich as a Jew, but he goes prowling about like a malefactor, and seldom speaks. He never seems happy. The old Gnädige Frau seems also to be in a continual flurry. As for the young lady, a child of paradise could not be more lovely, but I fear the old Graf has married her to the devil. But, Lord bless us! what is that?" exclaimed Heinrich, as the easement came rattling in with a sudden crash.

"Nothing," exclaimed I, "but the rain and wind."

"It is no wonder," replied Heinrich, "I live in perpetual apprehension of some dreadful event. Some one of the family must soon meet his fate. The fraulein Kathern told me that; and if I could not occasionally, with my comrade Thomas, refresh myself with a little wine—for eating, drinking, and money are not at all scarce with us—I would have been off long ago."

"But why do you think one of you must soon die?" I inquired, believing the old man

was becoming fuddled under the influence of the three bottles of sweet wine.

"It is certain," said Heinrich; "the countess told me, and what she predicts is sure to happen. At Judenburg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. No one would believe it, for we were all enjoying our accustomed good health. As we were at that moment going along the road, the Herr Müller, the Graf's secretary, one of the finest men you ever saw, fell suddenly with his horse and baggage down a steep precipice, ten times as high as the church steeple. It was an awful sight; man and horse were smashed to pieces; should you ever happen to pass through the village where the accident occurred, they will show you where he lies. It only now remains to be proved which of us is to die. It will happen, upon my soul it will!" added the old man, with emphasis, seeing I looked incredulous; "and if I am not the unlucky individual, I shall immediately obtain my discharge from the Graf. These are things of unusual occurrence, and my neck is so dear to me, that I should entertain the strongest objection to have it broken in such a godless service."

I laughed at his superstitious fears. He continued to swear that the countess was possessed of a legion of bad devils.

"A year ago," said he, "she was walking along the roof of the castle of Rosenthal, with as much ease as you or I could walk on that floor. Often, without the least intimation, she falls into violent convulsions, and she can see quite plainly into the inside of any one's body. Doctor Walter, one of the most able men I ever knew, told me in confidence that she can look through the people, or walls, and doors, as if they were made of glass. It is awful; but when she is herself, she is perfectly sensible. When, however, she is under one of these seizures, something speaks out of her, and she governs us just like dogs. Could not we have remained quietly at home, in our snug villa, instead of jogging about on mules and all manner of uncomfortable conveyances; and all, forsooth, because she would have it so—had we remained on the broad road, the Herr Müller might, at this moment, have been drinking his glass of wine with us."

Heinrich's conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, bearing my scanty supper into the apartment. He left me, promising to explain much of what he had so clearly hinted, upon the occasion of our next meeting. His place was soon filled by a little spare thin man, whom the old domestic, as he departed, accosted by the name of "Herr Doctor;" and I became instantly aware that I had a second member of this mysterious family be-

fore me. I observed, as I went on eating my supper, he was regarding me with a steadfast, earnest gaze. He at length broke silence, by asking me from whence I had come. When I informed him I was a German, he became more friendly, and accosted me in the mother tongue. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that his master was the Graf von Rosenthal, on his way to Italy.

After some further conversation, in which we discussed my plans, he said—

“What, suppose you accompany us to Italy, as your prospects do not at present seem very auspicious? You are familiar with the country, its language, and inhabitants; you know the most healthy places—you could be of the greatest use. The Graf would engage you on the spot, in place of a secretary he has just lost. Free quarters, travelling expenses paid, and six hundred gulden a year—no bad thing, not to mention the well-known kindness and liberality of the count.”

I shook my head, and remarked that having no acquaintance with the count, I did not know how we could get one.

“Oh, if that is all,” replied the doctor, “you have already a strong recommendation.”

“Recommended!” I exclaimed, “and by whom?”

The doctor seemed quite at a loss for an answer—

“By necessity,” he replied, somewhat abruptly.

“No,” I replied, “I never care for abundance, if I have only the means of life. From my childhood up, I have always been accustomed to a life of independence—I am not rich, but I will never sell my independence.”

The doctor seemed somewhat puzzled; but there was a grave earnestness in my tone which admitted of no cavil. I could not divest my mind of some disagreeable forebodings in regard to this extraordinary family, although I never for a moment believed the old man’s representation, that the sick countess was possessed by a legion of devils, yet, notwithstanding, there seemed something odd in the overtures thus made to an entire stranger; but as all this discussion appeared to make me but the more resolute, the doctor at length finished his bottle, and departed.

Left to myself, I turned the matter over in my mind, weighed the *désagremens* of my poverty against the pleasant position in the family of a rich “Graf.” I jingled the few remaining coins in my pocket—all my worldly wealth; and the result was still the same—out of Italy the peace of God, the career of a village schoolmaster, and independence. I tried to compose myself; but then I reflected how I

had lost all the plans of my life, which money could never restore.

My wonder was by no means decreased, when, in about ten minutes after the doctor’s departure, a servant of the Graf made his appearance, with the compliments of his master, to request I would visit him in his apartment. The adventure was so curious as to determine me to see it out. I found the Graf a tall man of commanding presence, traversing his apartment with hasty strides. There were many pleasant features in his face, which had an appearance of great dignity. He led me to a seat, and, with many apologies for the liberty he had taken, repeated in terms the offer made by the doctor. I still with modesty and firmness persisted in declining his offers. He turned to the window, where, with his hands behind his back, he remained for some moments lost in thought; at length he approached me, sunk into a chair, took one of my hands in his, and said—

“My friend, I appeal to your heart: my knowledge of character must indeed be slight if I do not think you an honest man. Be open—remain with me, stay with me, only for two years, I beseech you—you may rely upon my generosity, you shall have everything you require—and at the end of this period I will set you up with a capital of a thousand louis-d’or. You will never regret the time you have spent in my service.”

He said this so kindly and pleasantly that there was something in his manner which moved me more than the promise of a capital which would leave me free to pursue whatever mode of idleness I pleased; but I still thought that, should I accept of his proposal, it might have the appearance that I would sell myself for money. This splendid offer, besides, excited my suspicions.

I replied—“For such a sum you may command services superior to any I could command.” I told him openly of all my previous occupations and fortunes, and thought in this manner to put him off; but he resumed, earnestly—

“We must not be separated. It may appear wonderful to you, but the fact is not the less true, that you are the very man of whom we have long been in search; and it was upon your account that I have, with my daughter, undertaken this long and inconvenient journey.”

I looked at him with astonishment, thinking he was trying to crack jokes upon me.

“How could you look for me if you did not know me? How could you possibly tell I should be here at this time, for two days ago I did not know it myself?”

"It is not so," he said; "this afternoon, resting yourself in a wilderness, full of sadness, you leaned upon a block of granite under a tree. You looked at a black torrent which went foaming past you. You then fled, and came here. Confess it openly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses well nigh left me with terror.

"Confess," said he; "is not this so? Are you not the man we have been seeking?"

"I do not deny it," I replied; "but you overwhelm me with fear." Withdrawing my hand from his, I exclaimed—"How did you know this? Who told you?"

"My sick daughter," replied the count. "I believe it may appear wonderful, but this miserable girl entertains strange fancies in her sickness; and she has for a long time persisted in the idea, that it is only by means of you she can ever regain her health. Four weeks ago, my daughter described you in the dress in which you now stand before me. Fourteen days ago, she said you were sent by God to deliver her. She showed me the way you would take, marking out the route with a compass upon the map. At Villach she showed us the nearest way to the place of our sojourn. With the compass in our hands, and the chart in the carriage, we travelled along, ignorant of our destination, like mariners drifting at sea. At Villach we left the main road, and it was only this afternoon we became aware of your proximity. It was also from her I became aware of what passed within you. Doctor Walter informed me, after your arrival, that you were the very person of whom we had been so long in search. I feel assured myself also; and that you are the only person who can restore to me the blessings of life, and save my child."

He was silent, as if awaiting my reply. I sat for some time, revolving the strange incident, compared to which my eventful life could afford nothing.

"As you tell me, noble count," I replied, "it is incomprehensible, and therefore I am still incredulous. I am but an artist, and know nothing of medicine. There are many things inexplicable in our lives, but none of them impossible, particularly when the reality is before us, although we cannot explain the cause."

"True," replied the count, "you are no doctor; but my daughter's foreknowledge in other matters satisfies me she is right in this, and that you are ordained to be her saviour. I was, in my earlier life, an unbeliever even in the existence of a Deity, and even in my old days, I cannot believe in deviltries, witches' tricks, apparitions, or the devices of warlocks.

You may explain to yourself, my dear friend, my pressing you, as well as my liberal offer: the former is pardonable from one who lives in perpetual apprehension of losing his only child; the latter is not too great for him who saves her. Remain, then, with us—you will witness many wonderful things. If you like occupation, besides agreeable travelling, you may choose any business you like. You are my only hope; remain near, as a member of my suite is expected to die a desperate and unexpected death. A sore hour of trial awaits us—my daughter has prophesied it will happen—I tremble under the weight of this anticipated apprehension."

When the count had concluded, he was moved almost to tears. I felt myself in an uncomfortable position—what I had heard, excited at once my curiosity and my scruples.

"I do not accept of your liberal offer, noble Graf," I replied; "give me as much as will supply my necessities, and I will accompany you. It will be a sufficient reward if I can be of any real use; but as yet I cannot find how. I shall always, however, stipulate to preserve my independence, and shall only remain with you as long as I find your service comfortable."

The eyes of the count danced with joy, as, pressing me in his arms, he exclaimed—

"God be praised! To-morrow you shall see my daughter, who is now in bed!—to-morrow I shall prepare her for your arrival!"

"Prepare her for my arrival!" I exclaimed. "Did you not inform me that she was acquainted with my arrival, as well as with my name?"

"I beg your pardon—I forgot to explain one circumstance to you. What in her dreamy state she hears, knows, and understands, when awake she is utterly ignorant of. She knows nothing from the time of these seizures, and would be distracted were she made aware of what she had spoken. She only described you during the period of her fit, and knows nothing of you except through our report of her own words."

I also learned from the Graf that, from her earliest childhood, his daughter had evinced a taste for walking in her sleep. In a state of somnambulism she has risen from her bed, dressed, written letters to her friends, played the most difficult pieces upon the piano, with an ability which in her waking hours she could never command. These fits are nothing but a higher species of somnambulism, which, although in themselves harmless, have the effect of dreadfully impairing her constitution.

It was pretty late when I left the room of the count. There was no one in the saal

except old Heinrich, who was still enjoying himself over his bottle.

"Speak a little German with me, sir, if you please, that I may not forget the language of my native land. You have had a long interview with the Herr Graf."

"I have had an interview with him, and am going to accompany him to Italy," I replied.

"Charming!—it always does me good to have a German face near me, for the Italians are bad sparks, as I have heard. With the exception of the countess, who is certainly bewitched, you will find all our company agreeable; and as you are now one of ourselves, I may venture to speak more openly upon these subjects. The Graf would be a fine fellow if he could only laugh—whoever is about him must always have a face as solemn as the twilight. The old lady is fond of scolding if her slightest command is not instantly attended to. I think her travelling to Italy is more for the sake of the good burned waters than her health, for she is mightily fond of a glass of liquor. The young countess would be well enough if she had not a whole army of devils in her. Doctor Walter would be the best among us if he had only the skill to banish the devils—"

At this moment, the landlord came rushing in, apparently wild with terror, calling out—

"Help! help! the house is on fire!"

"Where?" I exclaimed; "show the way."

"Up stairs—the bright flames are bursting out of a window!"

With these words he rushed out. The whole house was now roused—I attempted to rush, but Heinrich, as pale as a ghost, caught me in his arms.

"Jesus Maria!" he exclaimed; "what has again happened?"

I said, in German, that we must look for water—that the house was on fire. Every thing was in confusion—the people of the house were running about in every direction—the floor of the room was on fire, and they sought for means to force the door. Heinrich was there as soon as I, with a vessel of water. As soon as he reached the door, he exclaimed—

"Holy Maria! it is the chamber of the old countess!"

"Break it open," shouted the Graf, in a voice of thunder.

The tools soon arrived, but it was difficult to break the door, on account of its surprising thickness; when at length, however, it was forced open, all drew shuddering back. The chamber was pitch dark; but on the floor, near the window, there played a yellowish-blue fire, which soon died away. A dread-

ful smoke assailed our nostrils. Heinrich, bearing a crucifix, came rushing up the steps. The Graf called for a light, which having been brought, I entered the chamber, and proceeded to open the window. The Graf held the light to the bed, which was smooth, and apparently unoccupied. The smell was so dreadful, that I nearly fainted. The Graf called aloud the name of Frau von Mentloch. As the torch approached, he beheld at my feet a great black mass of ashes. I was struck with terror, as I saw an arm with the hand partially consumed, and the burned remains of a human head; in another place were three fingers with gold rings, and the foot of a lady partially consumed.

"Great God!" exclaimed the Graf, turning deadly pale, "what is this?"

He gazed shuddering at these dreadful remnants of mortality. Seeing the fingers with the rings, he uttered a loud cry as the doctor entered—

"Frau von Mentloch is burned, and yet no fire!—no smoke!—incomprehensible!"

He cast another glance to convince himself of the truth, gave the taper to an attendant, and went out, deadly pale.

I stood as if petrified by the awful tragedy I had met with. The wonderful tale I heard made such an impression upon me, that I regarded these dreadful remains without sensation. Soon the room was filled with servants of the hotel. I heard them weeping, and I thought I was surrounded by ghosts. When I recovered myself, I left the room, and returned into the "saal." At this instant a side-door opened, and a young lady, in a night-dress, and supported by two ladies, each bearing a taper, appeared. I remained staring, as if struck by lightning, at this apparition. So stately was her form, so noble her features, that nothing I had ever seen in the masterpieces of painting and sculpture came at all near it. All the past horrors were forgotten in my intense admiration. The young beauty tottered towards the room where the frightful catastrophe had taken place. When she saw the remnants, she stood still, and said, with a voice of command,

"Begone!"

Immediately one of the Graf's servants employed himself in executing her commands by clearing the apartment.

I returned to the "saal," where I found Heinrich sitting over his wine, still as pale as a ghost.

"Did I not tell you," he cried, "it was the turn of one of us to go? The devil willed it. To-morrow I'll take my departure, or my turn may come next. In Italy, they say,

the mountains spit fire—I'll keep away from them. The pope would soon make roast beef of me."

I related to him what I had seen.

"That," said he, "was the young countess. God protect us—is she not beautiful?"

Heinrich was now summoned by the count, and he departed, sighing piteously.

After the fatigues of the previous day, I enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep until noon, when the events of the past rose before me like fireside visions, of the reality of which I could scarcely convince myself. Having nothing to lose, and nothing to fear, I determined to keep my engagement with the count. When I entered the "saal," it was filled by magistrates and policemen, who had been attracted either by business or curiosity. They were all firmly persuaded that the death of the lady had been caused by supernatural influences. The Graf had ordered the remains to be interred by his own people, and this caused such a sensation that it was actually in contemplation that the whole family should be taken prisoners; and they were only in doubt whether it would be better to deliver us over to the civil or the military authorities. Some were for taking us before the archbishop. I endeavored to explain to the authorities that they were about to place themselves in an awkward position, by taking prisoner a person of so much consequence as the count, as I was convinced the death had been the result of natural causes; and I hinted further, that if it was true, as they supposed, that it had happened through the count's influence with his Satanic majesty, that influence might be enlisted in a mode prejudicial to themselves. I ended by advising them to take a sum of money which the count had offered, and allow him to depart in peace. My advice was attended to. They took the money, we ordered our horses, and departed without further molestation.

On the road, we had much conversation upon the events of the former day, by which, he said his daughter had been dreadfully affected.

"You must let my daughter have pretty much her own way, for when she is thwarted, she is so sensitive that she suffers intensely. I have already informed her of your arrival, and asked if she wished you to be introduced. 'It would be time enough,' she replied, 'when we should arrive at Venice.' Therefore do not allow yourself to be dispirited by her fancies. She is an unfortunate girl, who must be treated with forbearance. She is my only earthly joy. The cause of the death of this unhappy woman is easily explained. The

death was produced by spontaneous combustion from the quantity of brandy she was in the habit of drinking."

Nothing of importance happened until our arrival at Venice. During our journey I never was introduced to the countess, who appeared displeased whenever she saw me. Shortly after our arrival, one morning I met her entering her sedan-chair, and she inquired from Dr. Walter—

"Who is that man who is always trotting after us?"

"It is the Herr," replied the doctor.

"He is a very disgusting person," responded the young lady; "send him away."

"You sent for him yourself," replied the doctor. "It was upon his account that the journey was undertaken. You must look upon him as medicine which is ordered for you."

"He is the nastiest medicine I ever saw," said the young countess, shrugging her shoulders.

This conversation was not very flattering to my "*amour propre*;" and had it not been for the kindness of the Graf, I should have left the service of the ill-tempered Venus without delay. I never considered myself handsome, but I was regarded in a favorable light by the fair sex in general; and now to be regarded in the light of nasty medicine by a beautiful girl, was too much for my feelings; and in this mode the countess arrived at Venice, her medicine riding on horseback after her.

A suite of apartments and servants were assigned to me in the magnificent palace which the count had hired, and as the count had plenty of friends among the Venetian noblemen, we had soon abundance of visitors.

We had not been in Venice more than four days, when, one evening, I was summoned to the count, by whom I was welcomed with more than his usual cordiality.

"My daughter wishes to see you," he said; "enter with me into her apartment—but softly, for she is in such a state of nervous excitement, that the slightest noise will upset her."

We came into a large and splendid apartment, hung with green silk drapery. The two chamber-maids leaned against the window; the doctor was on the sofa looking at his patient, while the beautiful girl stood in the middle of the room, bolt upright, with one of her beautiful arms hanging down, and the other extended. She looked like a rare piece of statuary, her attitude was so still; and only the heaving of her breast told she lived. Everything was silent, while every eye was

attracted by the godlike figure of the beautiful countess. She said, with a smile of angelic sweetness, at last —

"Emanuel, why have you stayed away so long? Come near and bless me, that my sufferings may end."

Not understanding whether this conversation was meant for me, I looked very foolish; but the doctor and the count made a sign that I should approach, and, like a priest, make the sign of the cross, and lay my hands upon her, as if I was blessing her. I drew near, raised my hands over her beautiful head, but so great was my respect, that I had not the courage to touch her. I lifted my hands again, and extended them towards her. Her movements seemed to become more joyful; my confusion increased, as the beautiful girl said —

"Oh, Emanuel! it is not yet thy wish to assist her — wish! — wish! Thou art powerful, and thy wishes can do anything."

"Doubt everything, beautiful countess," I replied, "except my wish to assist you;" for I felt that had she required me to cast myself out of the window, I would have cheerfully done it, so strong was the fascination of her beauty.

I felt as if I were in the presence of a goddess. The graceful beauty of her figure, the classic charm of her features, which seemed of more than earthly loveliness — had disembodied my spirit. I had never before felt the combined power of beauty and nobility. As I had seen her previously, her face appeared pale and mournful, with a touching expression of meek sorrow; but now it was far different: a celestial blush suffused her features, and her eyes swam in an atmosphere of radiant light, which neither art nor nature could bestow. The expression of her face had a smile, and yet not a smile; but breathing a delight so intense, it was justly called by her attendants inspiration — but such inspiration, it never entered into the glorious dreams of the most inspired artist to imagine or conceive.

"Oh, Emanuel!" at length she said, "now is thy wish earnest — now she feels that through thee her hour of succor is at hand — thy hair is wreathed in golden flames, and from thy fingers are waving streams of silver light; thou floatest in the liquid azure of heaven."

Her whole being seemed to drink in a flood of light. Notwithstanding the beauty of her language, I could not help thinking of the nasty medicine to which she had previously compared me, and the not unnatural wish arose in my mind, that I should always continue radiant in the brilliant hues in which I

was now clothed by her fancy, shining all over like a silver fish.

"Do not let thy thoughts wrong the fancy of the sick girl, Emanuel, who compared thee with bitter medicine," said the countess. "Be more noble than that unfortunate lady, carried away by the intensity of her sufferings, which has brought her to the verge of madness."

The doctor cast a laughing glance at me, which I returned; but it was not of astonishment that the proud beauty had entreated my pardon, but that she had guessed my inmost thoughts."

"Do not talk to the doctor, Emanuel," said the inspired countess; "it hurts her when thy thoughts are for a moment absent; remain firm in thy desire to light up her half-dissolved being with thy power. Seest thou how strong is thy will? — the cold particles soften and dissolve like the hoar-frost of winter beneath the sunshine."

As she thus spoke, her arm, which was extended, gradually drooped, animation and life returned to her figure, and she asked for a chair. The doctor fetched one covered with cushions of green silk, elaborately wrought.

"Not this," she said, "but that arm-chair covered with striped linen, which stands before the writing-table in Emanuel's room below — have that always."

Now it so happened that there was a chair exactly answering this description before my writing-table, which the countess could never have seen. As I gave the key to one of the servants, she said —

"Not that key, but the one with the dark spot on it."

I gave them both to the servant, and it appears she was right; for the first key, which I had mistaken for that of the chamber door, opened only a press.

When the chair arrived, having seated herself in it, she desired me to stand opposite, with my hands extended, pointing to her heart.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "what intense delight! Give her thy words — she prays thee not to leave her till her health is restored. If thou leavest her she must perish miserably; her life depends upon thee. Do not regard her," she said; "when in a state of earthly waking she knows thee not. Forgive the unfortunate, who knows not what she does — all vices are weakness of the vital powers which destroy the powers of the mind."

She became communicative, and, so far from being angry at my questions, seemed to listen to them with pleasure. I expressed my wonder about the extraordinary features of her case, and said I had not thought it possible that any one could predict events, or know the

thoughts of others. After a silence of some moments, she said —

"She is as well as any mortal can be, whose earthly frame is about to be dissolved. She is as well as she can be, when the body is about to retire to destruction, and the earthly lamp of eternal light is going out in darkness."

"This inspiration," I said, "does not in the least enlighten me on the subject; on the contrary, it leaves me quite in a mist."

"Mist, Emanuel! but you will learn by experience. She knows much, but cannot express it. Nature seems an endless ocean of holiness, or like a shining heaven, suffused with melted light, which drops into stars. The soul is the shell of a heavenly body, which is but the covering of the everlasting. The earthly shell of the sick person is now broken, and her soul sees and feels out of her earthly tabernacle—the earthly shell can now be made whole, Emanuel, by thee; otherwise will she perish."

She was silent; I listened as if to the voice of another world. The count and the doctor listened with equal surprise; both assured me that the countess had never before spoken in a similar manner, and had never before answered questions.

I drew her attention to her weakness, and asked if long speaking did not take away her strength.

"No," she replied, "not when thou art with me—in seven minutes her sleep will go off; but to-morrow it will return. Then, Emanuel, I pray thee do not fail her. Come to her, with the steadfast wish to save her, five minutes before three o'clock, by the clock in thy chamber, not by thy watch, which is three minutes too fast—be punctual, that the patient should escape unnecessary suffering."

With this she ceased, and a dead silence fell over the party. Her face became paler every instant, and the appearance of life in her features faded. Sinking negligently down, she seemed as if about to fall asleep; then she groaned and awakened; and when she beheld me, she appeared astonished—she looked from one to another. The chamber-maid hastened to her, also the count and Doctor Walter.

"What is your pleasure?" said she to me, in a harsh tone.

"Gracious countess, I only await your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Your servant, Emanuel, noble countess."

"I feel much obliged by your good-will; but if you would allow me, I prefer being alone," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; then

making a bow, got up and turned her back upon me.

I quitted the apartment with a strange mixture of sensations: as different as heaven and earth was the condition of the countess asleep and awake. Gone were my gold and silver beams—gone her familiar *thou*, that sank so softly into my soul; and even the name Emanuel, by which she had called me, was known no more.

I returned to my solitary chamber, shaking my head like one who had listened to fairy tales so long, that the reality seemed charmed. There was no arm-chair before my writing-table; I supplied its place, and wrote off the wonderful scene which had just occurred, for I feared that at some future time I should not believe it. I willingly forgave all her former harshness, for the sake of her exceeding beauty.

The following day I had a second visit from the Graf, who related to me in joyful accents that his daughter had passed a delicious night, and that she felt herself much better.

"At breakfast," continued he, "I related to her all that had passed, but she would not believe me, persisting it must be the ravings of insanity. She began to weep; I quieted her. I said that without doubt we might anticipate her complete restoration to health. I could not, however, prevail upon her to see you awake; but she assured me your appearance was so distasteful, she could not endure you. We could not force her assent—what is to be done?"

The count and I became more intimate every day, and his friendship seemed to increase in proportion with the hatred of his daughter.

Doctor Walter, with the rest of the servants, soon began to observe the extraordinary influence I had with the count, and overwhelmed me with polite attentions, which I would willingly have exchanged for the smiles of the beautiful countess, who still continued hostile. Her dislike seemed gradually to increase, and at last I hardly dared to enter her presence. I will not, however, anticipate my story. At three o'clock exactly I entered the chamber of the countess, when I found matters pretty much the same as before; all her peculiar beauty had returned: and when she became aware of my presence, she threw a haughty glance at me, and said—

"Who gave you permission to enter my chamber unannounced?"

A low convulsive sob choked her voice, and she fell into the arms of her attendants. They immediately brought the arm-chair which she had asked for the day before. She had

scarcely seated herself in it when she began to beat herself in a frightful manner. It was with difficulty I could endure the sad spectacle. I assumed the attitude I did on the former day, extending my arms towards her. Her convulsions continued; but at length, with a soft sigh, she seemed relieved, and the impression of sadness gradually disappearing from her countenance, the glow of inspiration began to return. At length she said, in a tone of angelic softness—

“Oh, dear friend, what would become of her but for you? She seems floating in an atmosphere of light, in which her being seems to mingle with thine.”

She continued to have her eyes close shut, but could tell all that was passing behind her; she even told the number and description of persons who were passing in a gondola near. She began to converse, at length, of her illness—of her night wanderings, and of a long fainting fit, in which many of her family believed her dead, and which had lasted nearly ten hours. She described how her father, leaving her in despair, had retired to his chamber, and, throwing himself upon his knees, prayed—a circumstance which could have been known to no one but himself, for the room was dark, and he had locked the door. In these conversations she still continued to speak of herself in the third person, as if of a stranger. At one time she said—

“She is a countess, and the daughter of the Count von Rosenthal; but I am not.”

Her whole appearance in these trances was of the most lofty and beautiful kind. Presently she sank into a fit of deep reflection. Upon the occasion of this interview, her fit of inspiration ended almost as it did before. Thus matters went on for many months. Although very anxious, I can scarcely describe what passed. The health of the countess appeared gradually to improve. In consequence of her frequent trances I became almost a slave; I could scarcely leave the house for a moment. Every day seemed to clothe her with a fresh charm. Had I never seen her but for an hour, its memory would endure for a lifetime. Oh, the rapture of first love! Yes, I deny it not—love it was, but I may truly say, not an earthly one; my whole being was bound up in this inspired priestess. I felt so unworthy to be regarded by her slightest look, could she only have tolerated me as the meanest of her servants, without antipathy, I would have thought it the highest celestial happiness. But, alas! in proportion as my society seemed to charm her when asleep, rose her antipathy to me when awake. This antipathy gradually increased to hatred—always

showed itself in some manner of which I was sensitive; with passionate tears she would entreat her father to send me out of the house. She despised me as a common vagabond, who was unworthy to breathe the very air with her, still less to be so much in the confidence of the Graf von Rosenthal.

Incredible as it may appear, when she was in these trances she seemed to follow all the movements of my hands, and to anticipate my very thoughts. At length, it seemed scarcely necessary that I should extend my hands towards her; my wishes were sufficient to bring relief. She would drink neither wine nor water which I had not touched with my fingers, out of which issued, as she said, “streams of light.”

One day the count proposed to me that I should make an experiment of the affection of his daughter, by asking her, when in a trance, that she should give me a beautiful full-blown rose when she was awake. The experiment was tried, notwithstanding my objections; and I one day interrupted a friendly conversation, by making the request, previously to which, however, I ought to mention, that I had gone over to some roses which were growing in the balcony, and in selecting one of them, a thorn pierced my finger—the countess actually uttered a violent exclamation, as if in severe pain.

“Take care,” said she, “Emanuel; whatever hurts you, pains me also.”

Thinking this the most suitable moment to make my request,—

“Why do you not tell her,” said the countess, “that you wish her to give you a full-blown rose to-morrow?”

I was astonished—she had divined my wishes; and I attempted to make some excuse.

“Oh, nonsense,” said she laughing; “I knew my father put it into your head.”

“But it is also my dearest wish,” I replied. “Will you, when you waken at twelve o’clock, remember it?”

“Can she do anything else?” she replied, laughing.

When this conversation ceased, the count departed, and summoned the attendants and the doctor.

It might have been a little after ten o’clock that Hortense awoke, and showed to the physician the hurt on her finger. She thought she had injured it with a needle, and wondered there was no outward sore. At eleven she showed symptoms of uneasiness—walked up and down the chamber, and began to abuse me to her women, and overpowered her father with reproaches for not having dismissed me before. She then began to talk about other

matters. Her restlessness increased; she was asked if she was unwell. They tried in vain to find out the cause of her uneasiness. She hid her face in the pillows, and begged of them all to leave the room. A quarter before twelve, her bell was heard. She informed her maid, when she entered the apartment, that I must be present when the clock struck twelve. Although I had looked forward to this invitation, I felt quite upset by it. With a palpitating heart, I entered the room; the countess was sitting carelessly upon the sofa—her beautiful head, shaded by its dark locks, supported by her delicate hand. In a manner half sorrowful, half angry, she rose as I entered; and I then requested the honor of her commands.

She did not immediately answer, but seemed to hesitate, as if at a loss for words. At last she said—

“Mr. Emanuel, it seems as if I ought to make you a present, in order to induce you to retire from our service.”

“Countess,” I said, as I felt my pride rising, “I did not force myself into the count’s employment; you are aware of the reasons which have induced me to remain in the company of my lord. I would willingly obey your commands just uttered, but for the hope of being useful.”

She turned her back upon me, and began to play with a pair of scissors near the rose-trees. Suddenly she cut off a new-blown rose, which she offered me, saying—“Take the best I have to offer you—take it as a reward for having hitherto kept out of my way, and let me see you no more.” Then she threw herself on the sofa, and, with averted face, made a sign that I should withdraw.

I regained my apartment, and pressed to my lips the rose, which I considered worth all the crowns and jewels on earth.

The dislike of the countess from this period, strange to say, seemed to increase. Her father, convinced of my honesty, as well as my ability to be useful, was proof against all his daughter’s suspicions and fears. My position became very irksome; for I perceived that every one else, even to the servants, treated me with aversion and contempt. This at length increased to such an extent, that I perceived that it had gradually the effect of alienating from me the count’s esteem; and I should have been unable to remain, had it not been for the kindness of the countess, who, in her trances, would entreat me not to mind such temporary estrangements.

One evening the count called me into his cabinet. He asked me to give him the books I had managed, as well as an order for two

thousand louis-d’ors recently come, which he said he wished to put into the bank of Venice, as he intended remaining for another year. I took the opportunity to entreat of him to give these matters of service to the management of some one else, as I intended, as soon as the health of the countess should be a little restored, to leave his house and service. Although I said this with some emotion, the count did not appear to pay much attention, but merely replied, that he would be able, doubtless, to get some one to attend to his affairs. This was enough; I perceived that he wished to get rid of me. I went back to my room, and collected all the papers, both those he had asked me for, and the others; but I could not lay my hands upon the order he required; I searched for it, but in vain.

The next morning the count reminded me.

“You have forgotten,” said he, “the steward’s accounts I asked you for yesterday, with the money order.”

The only excuse I could devise was, that I had temporarily mislaid some papers, among which I supposed was the one in question, but that I would surely have it by the following morning. My search, however, was utterly in vain; and at length I came to the conclusion that the checks were either lost or stolen, or that I had unknowingly destroyed them myself. No one, except my servant, who could neither read nor write, had the key of my room. My apprehensions were terrific.

(To be concluded.)

A RAILWAY CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

An important addition to the comfort and convenience of the travelling public has been suggested by the general manager of the North-Western Railway Company, Captain Huish, and is likely to be brought into early operation. The supply of books at the stations on the line is about to be largely increased and improved in character; and the whole of them being now undertaken by Messrs. Smith, of the Strand, Captain Huish proposes to establish a gigantic circulating library, on the plan that the passenger may select a book at a stall, paying the price thereof, and after travelling any distance on the railway (where his journey terminates) deliver it at the station, receiving back the value, less a trifle for the perusal. When it is considered that the London and North-Western Railway extends over nearly 500 miles, and that more than six millions of passengers travel upon it annually, we cannot conceive any plan more likely than the above to while away a tedious hour, and improve the time necessarily spent in journeying.—*Examiner*.

COLLECTANEA.

ETRURIA.

"How far we transalpiners of the nineteenth century are indebted to her civilization is a problem hardly to be solved; but indelible traces of her influence are apparent in Italy. That portion of the Peninsula where civilization earliest flourished, whence infant Rome received her first lessons, has in subsequent ages maintained its preëminence. It was on the Etruscan soil that the seeds of culture, dormant through the long winter of barbarism, broke forth anew when a genial spring smiled on the human intellect. It was in Etruria that immortality was first bestowed on the lyre, the canvas, the marble, the science of modern Europe. Here arose

the all Etruscan three,—
Dante and Petrarch; and scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the hundred tales of love.

It was Etruria which produced Giotto, Brunelleschi, Fra Angelico, Luca Signorelli, Fra Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, Hildebrand, Machiavelli, "the starry Galileo," and such a noble band of painters, sculptors, and architects as no other country of modern Europe can boast. Certainly no other region of Italy has produced such a galaxy of brilliant intellects. I leave it to philosophers to determine if there be anything in the climate or natural features of the land to render it thus intellectually prolific. But much may be owing to the natural superiority of the race, which, in spite of the revolutions of ages, remains essentially the same, and preserves a distinctive feature;—just as many traits of the ancient Greek, Gaul, German, and Spaniard may be recognized in their modern descendants. The roots of by-gone moral, as well as physical culture are not easily eradicated. The wild vine and olive mark many a desert tract to have been once subject to cultivation. And thus, ancient civilization will long maintain its traces even in a degenerate soil, and will often germinate afresh on experiencing congenial influences.—

The wheat three thousand years interred
Will still its harvest bear.

How else comes it that while the Roman of to-day preserves much of the rudeness of former times—while the Neapolitan in his craft and wiliness betrays his Greek origin, the Tuscan is still the most lively in intellect and imagination, the most highly endowed with a taste for

art and literature? May it not be to the deep-seated influences of early civilization that he owes that superior polish and blandness of manner which entitle Tuscany preëminently to the distinction claimed for it of being a rare land of courtesy?"—*The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*

KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?—(NEW VERSION.)

(From *Punch*.)

Know'st thou the land where the kangaroos bound,
And the queer-looking ornithorhynchi are found?
The land of the South that lies under our feet,
Deficient in mouths, overburdened with meat?
Know'st thou that land, John Bull, my friend?
Thither, oh! thither, poor people ought to wend.

Know'st thou the land, my dear John Bull,
Where thousands of flocks are reared only for wool,
And sixty-four million good pounds, as they say,
Of mutton, are cast in one twelvemonth away?
Know'st thou that land? Thy starving brood
Thither, oh! thither, should rush in quest of food.

Know'st thou the land where the cattle and sheep,
For the mere want of hands, are too many to keep;
And what to do with them their owners know not,
But to slaughter them off for the melting pot?
Know'st thou that land? To save such waste,
Thither, oh! thither, ye hungry creatures haste.

Know'st thou the land where a sheep-shearer's pay,
Or a reaper's, is ten or twelve shillings a day;
Where a laborer may earn thirty pounds by the year,
With a ration, per week, of the best of good cheer?
Know'st thou that land—that jolly land?
Thither should Labor repair to seek Demand.

Know'st thou the land that thy paupers may reach
At the trifling expense of six pounds or so each,
There in plenty to live, whilst their gruel and bread
Cost near eight in the workhouse, per annum, a head?
Know'st thou that land? John Bull, if so,
Thither, oh! thither, help those poor souls to go!

THE EX-EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

"'Idiot' and 'blood-thirsty' are the terms which have been applied to the ex-Emperor Ferdinand. To us it is difficult to understand how a man who has learned and speaks half a dozen languages, whose pastime is the study of mechanics, and who has formed one of the most beautiful collections of models of machinery in existence, can be an idiot; and to the accusation of blood-thirstiness his whole life gives the lie. As Prince and Emperor, every day of his existence has been marked by acts of kindness and benevolence. We see him in our mind's eye, with his spare form and countenance, on which constant illness had imprinted deep traces of melancholy and suffering, accompanied by a single gentleman, walking on the bastions of Vienna, or in the gardens of Schonbrunn, doffing his hat to every per-

son that recognized him, often stopping to speak to a poor man or woman who might address him, and who was certain of relief, for all the prohibitions of the police could not prevent the importunity of the distressed, who knew full well that to their *gute Kaiser* (good Emperor) no application for charity was vain. We have conversed frequently with persons who were in daily contact with him, and never have we heard him reproached with an unkind word or an unfeeling act. It was a well-known fact that at least one-third of the household of the poorer inhabitants of Vienna was paid by him, or other members of the imperial family. The munificent donation of £400,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the siege of Vienna, speaks more in his favor than all the obloquy and detraction of the newspapers can to his disparagement."—*Dolman's Magazine*.

WOLVERTON REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

It appears from the books, that the annual consumption at the Wolverton refreshment-rooms* averages—182,500 Banbury cakes, 56,940 Queen's cakes; 29,200 patés; 36,500 lbs. of flour, 13,140 of butter, 2,920 of coffee, 43,800 of meat, 5,110 of currants, 1,277 of tea, 5,840 of loaf sugar, 5,110 of moist sugar; 16,423 quarts of milk, 1,095 of cream; 17,520 bottles of lemonade, 35,040 of soda-water, 70,080 of stout, 35,040 of ale, 17,520 of ginger-beer, 730 of port, 3,650 of sherry, and, we regret to add, 730 of gin, 731 of rum, 3,660 of brandy. To the eatables are to be added, or driven, the 85 pigs, who, after having been from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are impartially promoted, by seniority, one after another, into an infinite number of pork pies.—*Quarterly Review*.

MILITARY AMBITION.

War and its unfailing attendants, taxation and crime, will ever go hand in hand. While any people are unwilling to think for themselves, and take no constitutional means of redress, so long they may realize the truth that the iron-hoof of military despotism will never relax, but press and weigh down their energies to the dust. The words of Gibbon are strikingly significant in reference to great warriors. "As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."—*Anti-War Tracts*.

* On the North-Western Railway.

PIANOS.

A six and three-quarter octave cottage piano, either rosewood or mahogany, in height four feet six inches, in breadth four feet two inches, contains 200 superficial feet of wood, comprising eleven different kinds: 160 strings, the average pull upon each being from fifty to sixty pounds, or the total pull upon the instrument about twenty cwt.; and the whole length of wire, including copper and steel, measures 1,822 feet; the united number of pieces required in the completion of a piano-forte amounts to nearly 3,000. The average weight of the instrument when completed is nearly three cwt. To preserve the tone of a piano-forte it should be regularly tuned, at least four times a year, and kept to one pitch; if suffered to go too long without tuning, it will very soon get flat, and not only troubles a tuner to bring it up to concert pitch, but the wires become elastic, and lose their brilliancy of tone. There is no greater enemy to a piano than damp; it should be kept in a dry room, and as nearly as possible of equal temperature. The less the *soft pedal* is used, the better the piano-forte will stand in tune; using this pedal is not only liable to strain the action in the movements, but the whole blow of the hammer falling upon one string must destroy the unison of the note. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on, or in a piano; such things frequently cause a jarring noise, and will generally injure the instrument.

STEAM *v.* THE TURF. — A good many years ago, one of the stoutest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire undertook to perform a feat which, just at the moment, attracted the general attention, not only of the country, but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours! The newspapers of the day described exactly how "the squire" was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word "Away!" he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favorite racer, stretched himself in his gallop—how on arriving at his second horse he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how, to the astonishment and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in—a winner! Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his

horse, which his friends at each side of the bridle were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward, and in the name of Science had told the assembled multitude that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake, instead of 200 miles in ten hours, to go 500—that is to say, that for every mile “the squire” had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would, moreover, knit all the way, and that he should take his medicine every hour, and read to her just as if they were at home—lastly, that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, “in thunder, lightning, or in rain”—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, wagons of coals and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr. Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.—*Review.*

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Politics for the People.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

NORWEGIAN SILVER.—From the Swedish official paper of the 27th of October, we learn that on the 14th of September the workmen employed in the king's mine, which is one of the Königsberg silver mines in Norway, found a lump of native silver, weighing 208lbs.—and that on the 6th of October another lump of native silver equally pure in quality, of no less weight than 436lbs., was dug out of the same mine. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that about twenty years ago this mine was offered for sale in London for £10,000; but the capitalists of that day had not sufficient confidence in the treasures it was represented to possess, to give this comparatively small price. Subsequently the Norwegian Government were urged by the scientific of that country to work the mine for the benefit of the state. The operations were prosecuted with vigor; and for a considerable number of years this mine has annually yielded to the Government a larger revenue than the price which could not previously be obtained in England for the mine itself.

A PARACHUTE FOR COAL-PITS.—To descend into mines and coal-pits, and to ascend by means of vertical ladders, are operations so fatiguing that the pitmen prefer, in spite of

the regulations which forbid it, to expose their lives to the risk of the strength of a rope, which, unfortunately, often breaks and precipitates them to the bottom. We attended recently an experiment on a large scale, which demonstrated, in the most efficient manner, that henceforth this danger no longer exists for the pitmen. By means of an extremely simple apparatus, the cuffat remains suspended in the middle of the shaft when the rope breaks. This trial was not made by means of a working model, but in a pit of some depth; the apparatus was worked by men who remained suspended in the well when the rope broke short off. For the future, the parachute for coal-pits is no longer a theory; its efficacy is now established by practical facts. The effect of this apparatus was shown before a numerous company, comprised of men of information, the greater part familiar with the working of mines. Their satisfaction was so great that they spontaneously offered to the inventor to make affidavit on the spot of the facts to which they had been witnesses. Amongst the party was a gentleman who wished the experiment to be tried upon himself; the rope having snapped, he and the workman accompanying him were spontaneously stayed without feeling the slightest shock.—*Brussels Herald.*

When Dumas discovered chloroform by distilling alcohol from chloride of lime, it was little thought that it would become the valuable therapeutic agent which it has proved to be. Applications run fast in these busy days; and at Messrs. Horne's in Whitechapel, we have an engine working under the combined influence of steam and chloroform,—a combination which the best engineering authorities state to possess many great advantages. It is not easy to render mechanical details familiar without the aid of diagrams; but the principles of this "combined vapor engine" may be rendered intelligible by a brief general description. The steam having done its work of moving the piston in one cylinder, escapes into another in which is a quantity of chloroform in small flat tubes. This substance volatilizes at a very low temperature; and it thus is converted into vapor of considerable elastic force by the heat of the waste steam—and is in this state employed to work a second piston. We have, indeed, two engines combined in action—one moved by steam—the other by chloroform. The professed advantages are the saving of 50 per cent. in fuel—and as all the steam is rapidly condensed in the evaporation of the chloroform, the same water is constantly returned to the boiler, by which the necessity for using salt or impure water is avoided. The first engine of this kind was constructed in 1846, in Paris,—in which ether was then employed. This engine is still working in a glass manufactory at Lyons—chloroform being substituted. A Parisian paper informs us that M. Charles Beslay has, by order of the Minister of Marine, constructed a very powerful engine of this description, which is pronounced by a commission to be perfectly efficient. A question having been raised as to the effect of chloroform on the health of sailors, M. Quoy, Inspector-General of the medical branch of the marine services, has reported favorably. We learn, however, that the English patentees propose to use a volatile fluid which is much less expensive than chloroform, equally efficient, and less obnoxious.

The German papers announce the death, at Leipsic, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, of the well-known philologist, Gottfried Hermann. This celebrated Hellenist was born at Leipsic in 1772; and at the early age of twenty-four was appointed Professor at the university of that city. He filled the same chair till the last day of his life—a period exceeding half a century. He was the founder of the Greek Society at Leipsic; and the author of many learned works which have made his name a familiar sound to the scholars

of Europe. The King of Saxony had, after the German fashion of honoring the intellectual chiefs of the land, granted him letters of nobility.

Ethnological science has recently sustained a serious loss by the death of Dr. Prichard. He was well known by his great work, "Researches into the Physical History of Man," in five volumes,—and his yet more popular "Natural History of Man." In addition to these, he was the author of "An Essay on the Vital Principle," a treatise on "Insanity," a book "On the Eastern Origin of the Celtic Language," and many other works and essays which appeared in the Medical journals. At the time of his death, Dr. Prichard was President of the Ethnological Society.

By an excavation undertaken at the end of November in the watering-place of Baden-Baden, the Baths of Caracalla have been discovered in a state of good preservation. They are just under the market-place, between the Inn at the Rose and the parish church,—occupying a square of about 5,000 German feet long by 3,000 feet broad.

Mr. Macaulay's "History" is out of print. Three thousand copies—the number of the first edition—are already sold; and a second edition—it is said an improved one—is already in the press. The rumor runs that the author has sold his two volumes for ten years, to the Messrs. Longman, for an annuity of £600 for that period. If poetry be down in the market value, history is, it seems, up. "The Row" and Albemarle Street would now probably return "Paradise Lost" without looking at it:—so that Simmon's £5 was after all a liberal sum for an epic poem, when we contrast 1848 with 1667. Hume made very little by his "History;" but Smollett made £2,000 in a very short time—and his work is said to have sold to the then amazing extent of 10,000. It was time that History should have a turn. Mr. Hallam's historical works have, it is true, sold well; but Carte struggled hopelessly against want—and Sir Harris Nicolas, whose whole life was dedicated unremittingly to the illustration of English History, has just passed from amongst us in circumstances too painful to describe. Our writers should learn, however, (and there are examples enough already to have taught them) that the mere keeping together of facts, the dry display, as it were, of antiquarian diligence, has but slender charms for the general reader. The labors of Carte and Nicolas, are—like the drawings of great masters—of use

only to students. The multitude look for color and composition, and for that skill which can make "even dry bones live." Let us add to this pleasing account of the book-market, that 18,000 copies of Mr. Dickens's Christmas story were sold on the first day of publication.

The *Delhi Gazette* says that the famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor (the largest and most precious in the world), forfeited by the treachery of the sovereign at Lahore, and now under the security of British bayonets, at the fortress of Govindghur, is likely ere long to be brought to England—and added to the Crown jewels.

M. Antoine d'Abbadie, writing to us from Cairo, gives the following account of an animal new to European science—which account he received from Baron Von Müller, who had recently returned to that city from Kordofan. "At Melpes in Kordofan," said the Baron, "where I stopped some time to make my collections, I met, on the 17th of April, 1848, a man who was in the habit of selling to me specimens of animals. One day he asked me if I wished also for A'nasa, which he described thus:—It is of the size of a small donkey, has a thick body and thin bones, coarse hair, and tail like a boar. It has a long horn on its forehead and lets it hang when alone, but erects it immediately on seeing an enemy. It is a formidable weapon; but I do not know its exact length. The A'nasa is found not far from here (Melpes), towards the S.S.W. I have seen it often in the wild grounds, where the negroes kill it, and carry it home to make shields from its skin. N. B. This man was well acquainted with the rhinoceros, which he distinguished under the name of Fertit from the A'nasa. On June 14th, I was at Kursi, also in Kordofan, and met there a slave-merchant who was not acquainted with my first informer, and gave me spontaneously the same description of the A'nasa; adding that he had killed and eaten one not long before, and that its flesh was well-flavored." Herr Rüppell and M. Fresnel, adds M. d'Abbadie, have already spoken of a one-horned African quadruped; and I have also some notes which tend to establish the existence of perhaps two different kinds.

The Peace project with which a body of earnest apostles are zealously inoculating the populations of our English towns, is finding advocates in other senates than our own. In France, M. Bouvet has presented the following proposition for the acceptance of the National Assembly.—"Considering that war is contrary to religion, humanity, and public prosperity,

the National Assembly decrees:—1. The French republic proposes to the governments of Europe, America, and other civilized countries, to concur in a congress for a proportional disarmament, the abolition of war, and the formation of a court of arbitration. 2. The Congress shall open on the 1st of May, 1849, at Constantinople."

The *Carlisle Journal* gives the following particulars of Mr. Stephenson's first celebrated engine, the Rocket.—It was bought in 1837, from the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, by Mr. J. Thompson, of Kirkhouse. Here the engine was worked for five or six years, on the Midgeholme line,—a local line belonging to Mr. Thompson. Soon after the engine was placed on the line, the contest for East Cumberland took place, when Sir J. Graham was superseded by Major Aglionby; and it was used for conveying the Alston express with the state of the poll from Midgeholme to Kirkhouse. Upon that occasion the Rocket accomplished its share of the work, a distance of upwards of four miles, in four minutes and a half,—thus reaching a speed nearly equal to sixty miles an hour. On the introduction of more powerful engines, the Rocket was "laid up in ordinary" in the yard at Kirkhouse;—where it now stands, no less a monument of the genius of the inventor, than as a mark of the esteem in which his memory is held by Mr. Thompson. Such an engine, says the *Journal*—the first constructed on the principle which has brought railways to such a height of perfection in this country,—ought to have its abiding-place in the British Museum.

THE PLANTAGENET GUARD RAZOR.—We have one fault to find with this razor—one fault (which we suppose the very ingenious inventors will in no wise amend)—we object to the name. Why "Plantagenet?" They were a bearded as well as a bearding race. Though, indeed, such a razor as this might have tempted Richard the Lion-hearted, or Edward Longshanks, to have shaved rapidly before he rushed into the battle, heard raging without. Then "Plantagenet" accords well with *royal* letters patent; at any rate it is better than your fashionable Greek names, so the one fault is not a thing to be startled at. The "Plantagenet Guard Razor" is an instrument of very beautiful workmanship, of the choicest mechanism. A guard, toothed like a pocket-comb, but more widely, and with a slight curve, fits upon a pivot inserted (an insertion of no ordinary difficulty in highly tempered steel) into the broad part of the

back of the razor. This guard fits firmly, but is slipped on or off very easily. When off, of course, we have a razor of the usual form; but when *on*, it acts as a perfect *break*, a guard against the razor (were it the sharpest ever honed) cutting chin, lip, or cheek—a perfect skin-preserver—whilst it seems actually to render shaving easier. The teeth of the guard, with the nicest adjustment, are made to protrude so as to keep the skin away from the chance of a cut, whilst the beard is given to the razor's edge, and only the hair to be removed. It is difficult to make this plainly intelligible without a drawing, but the characteristics are such as we have described. To how many may not this guard razor be a boon! To the youth who with fear and trembling adventures upon his first shave, and has a sort of passion for lather and steel to his chin—a passion which is not very long-lived. To the blind man—the passenger on board ship—the invalid who cannot leave his bed, and to whom the shaving by a barber is a diurnal torture—a hateful operation—to say nothing of head shaving, and other surgical purposes. There is another class, to whom, perhaps, most of all, shaving or being shaved is torment—the paralyzed; even they cannot cut themselves. The razor may be adapted for use in either the right hand or the left.—*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

An open-air trial of the new Electric-Light was made on Tuesday evening in front of the National Gallery:—and Trafalgar-Square shone in its lustre as in the light of day. The Nelson Column was tortured out of that obscurity which is congenial to its condition of premature desolation,—and which for one-half of time shrouds it from the exposure of impotence to which for the other it is doomed. If this mode of illumination can be brought practically into use, the pillar must be finished for very shame. The old oil lamps, so long beloved in the aristocratic quarter about Grosvenor Square, as an “ancient institution,” are now avenged:—what gas did for them it has now to suffer from the new glory. The gas lamps looked as *they* used to look—like farthing candles in the sunshine. There will be no dim nooks and corners in the metropolis if this “new light” prevail. Half the “mysteries of London” will perish in its beams.

LAMARTINE'S “JOCELYN” AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The library of Louis Napoleon has been sold by auction, and amongst the books was a handsome copy, bound in morocco, of Lamartine's poem of “Jocelyn.” The value

of the work was much enhanced by the fact that on the inside of the cover appeared the following words, in the handwriting of the Prince, in French:—“Undertook the reading of this book at Florence, Sunday, the 7th of May, 1837. Abandoned it as being too sublime for me. Undertook the reading for the second time, Monday, the 8th, without being more fortunate. Recommenced by a new effort, Tuesday, the 9th, and abandoned it definitively.” Considering the present position of the author and the critic as rival candidates for the Presidency of the French Republic, this anecdote is somewhat curious. Little did the Prince think, when he wrote the above, that he and the poet whose work he had been obliged to abandon as being too sublime for him, would one day meet under circumstances which must severely test the ability of both.—*Morning Post.*

THE EMPERORS THEODOSIUS AND FERDINAND. — 900 YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY. — Nine hundred years ago the Slavonian race held Italy; their leader might occasionally be a Roman Emperor, occasionally a barbaric chief. The German and Celtic races oppose them, and a struggle ensues for the mastery of discordant, imbecile Italy. It is the same now. A German prince rules over the great mass of the Slavonian race; he wishes to be thought a German or Austrian, and would fain persuade mankind that the Austrian Emperor is German. But now the truth comes out, and the descendants of the ancient Goth, Hun, Greek, Croat—all Slavonians—call on him to give up the delusion; to place himself at the head of the Slavonian race; to expel the German from the Slavonian territory, and rescue their brethren from the thralldom of Turkish and Russian, and Prussian despots. Nine hundred years have not affected much the position of the race on the face of the globe; their physical character and their *morale* (making allowance for the modification of a kind of civilization) remain of course as they were a thousand years ago. When Theodosius was hard pressed by the German and Celtic races, he looked for assistance to the Slavonians; into the arms of this race the house of Hapsburgh has been forced to throw itself.—Dr. Knox (*Medical Times*).

An electric telegraph is about to be erected between Berlin, Cologne, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine. For this simple undertaking, nine political treaties with various governments have been concluded.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

PATHOLOGIA INDICA; or the Anatomy of Indian Diseases, based upon morbid specimens, from all parts of the Indian empire, in the Museum of the Calcutta Medical College. By Allen Webb, B.M.S., Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy in the Calcutta Medical College, &c.

The object of this work is to give an idea of the nature and treatment of Indian diseases, by a selection from the most remarkable cases furnished by the Company's medical officers to the Medical Board at Calcutta, and by a selected catalogue of morbid specimens of preparations from the museum at the same capital. The "cases" give a full description of the symptoms and treatment; the catalogue, besides a description of the specimens, an account of the subject whence it was taken, Dr. Webb frequently adding remarks. He also contributes general observations, sometimes in the form of notes, sometimes as an introduction to the sections; exhibiting a sensible knowledge of Indian diseases, and some very curious professional learning—classical, Arabian, and Oriental, as well as modern.

The book will be found very useful, especially to medical men proceeding to India; since the representation of *facts*, with a guiding commentary, is the next best substitute for experience in the treatment of disease, or the actual inspection of the morbid preparations. An examination of the museum itself on arriving at Calcutta, as suggested by Dr. Webb, is the best thing to correct erroneous ideas touching alleged peculiarities of Indian pathology, which frequently have no real existence, though assumed by medical works of authority in this country. The conclusion Dr. Webb draws from his long and

wide Oriental experience is, that the general effects of the climate upon the human frame have been much exaggerated. It may aggravate the virulence and violence of certain disorders, as fevers and cholera; but that is probably about its extent; moral evil is at the bottom of much which is ascribed to climate, especially as regards the natives.

BELGIUM, THE RHINE, ITALY, GREECE, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.*

Continental illustrations, at a moment when continental travel is almost out of the question, must acquire quite a new interest. If a solace remains under such a bereavement, it is to take up a book like this, by the side of what the good people on the continent call, curiously enough, a "sea-coal" fire. Imagine seventy and upwards of beautiful engravings, for a little more than a guinea! Truly, art effects a purely English object, when it thus imparts to those less favored by fortune a share in the pleasures hitherto attainable only by the rich. Italy and Greece, the homes of ancient art, still lovely in their decay—the Rhine, consecrated by a thousand legends—Belgium, every edifice of which recalls associations of sturdy energy and commercial activity—the Mediterranean, whose shores are endeared by historic fame, and charm us by their surpassing loveliness, summon up visions of romantic beauty, which will not meet with disappointment in those who refer for gratification to this splendid tome.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

* Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. Illustrated in a Series of beautifully-executed Engravings, with Historical, Classical and Picturesque Descriptions, by the Rev. G. N. Wright and L. F. A. Buckingham, Esq. Peter Jackson.

CONTENTS.

Macaulay's History of England,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	481
Hungary in 1848,	<i>Translated for the Daguerreotype</i> ,	492
Princes and Priests; or Oriental Daguerreotypes,	<i>Sharpe's London Magazine</i> ,	496
The Travels of Sheikh Zain el Abidin,	<i>Translated for the Daguerreotype</i> ,	502
Notes on Men and Things in Australia,	<i>New Monthly Magazine</i> ,	504
Aunt Bridget's Story,	<i>Belle Assemblée</i> ,	508
Love and Mesmerism,	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> ,	512
Collectanea,	522
Literary and Scientific Intelligence,	524
Short Reviews and Notices,	528